Sports Illustrated
MAY 22, 197
60 CENTS
THE AMAYSING METS
Mets

If it costs 46% more to repair a car today than in 1961, what about a telephone truck?

With 100 million phones to care for, our fleet now numbers 110,000 trucks.

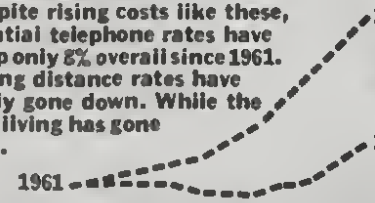
And with auto repair costs rising 46% since 1961, you can imagine what that's done to our budget.

We've been doing some of our own repair work, but our costs went up just as much—from $230 to $340 per truck.

Our total running expenses from $612 to $823 a truck.

And to get the money to buy new trucks, we're having to borrow at interest rates that have almost doubled since 1961.

Despite rising costs like these, residential telephone rates have gone up only 8% overall since 1961. And long distance rates have actually gone down. While the cost of living has gone up 37%.



Obviously, this can't go on.

Because the cost of providing you good telephone service is going up, telephone rates are going up, too—but based on the last ten years, far less than most things you buy.

AT&T and your local Bell Company.

Enter Johnson & Johnson "Sun 'n Fun Sweepstakes." Win an Eastern Weekender for two at the lovely Carolmar Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico. Look for details at your local store.
Our powder will get you drier than just your towel.
After you dry off with a towel, you're still wet. And that can make you mighty uncomfortable all day.
So tomorrow morning, after your shower, and after your towel, dry off with Johnson's Baby Powder.
It picks up where your towel leaves off. Because it gets at the moisture your towel leaves behind.
Johnson's gets your entire body drier. Safely and naturally.
And it's no big deal to try it. There's probably a package sitting around your house right now.
Johnson
baby
powder
Johnson & Johnson

Smith-Corona: the graduation gift to help make sure there's another graduation.

Congratulations.

It's not every day your son becomes a Freshman in college.

You know, of course, the work is going to get a lot tougher.

Which is why a Smith-Corona makes an ideal graduation gift—it can help with school.

Take spelling. (A typed word that's misspelled just begs to be corrected.)

Our electric portable can save time, too. (A student can learn to type twice as fast as he can write by hand.)

Creative thoughts can't slip away, either. (A typewriter accepts every idea as fast as it's thought up.)

This can all add up to Organization.

And with the right amount of application and ability, you can look forward to the next graduation.

But why Smith-Corona?

Because all typewriters are not the same, that's why.

If you compare durability, portability and features, plus our years of experience in making portables (especially electrics), you'll know why more people in the world buy Smith-Corona Electric Portables than any other.

Our dealers are in the IBM Yellow Pages.

SMITH-CORONA®

We think we make better students. We know we make better typewriters.

Contents

MAY 22, 1972 *Volume 36, No. 21*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 How Sweet It Is!

Jubilant New Yorkers greet the newest Met, Willie Mays, who responds with a game-winning home run

20 Over Indy on a Wingding

The magic 190s mark was a flight of fancy—until racers added airfoils and their cars took off

24 An Iceman Too Hot To Handle

That was Boston's Bobby Orr as he took charge of the Stanley Cup final and destroyed New York

26 Tuning Up for a New Hunt Ball

With Ken Rosewall and Rod Laver just dazzling, the WCT championship was a coming-out party to remember

32 Munich, the Bavarian Cream

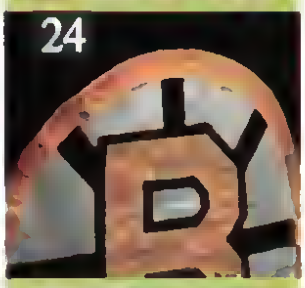
Of the German cities, it's the top, and it offers more than froth and the promise of fun at the Games

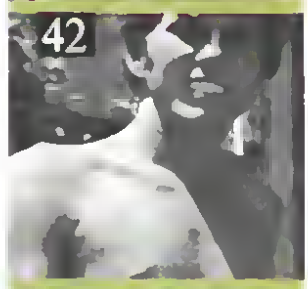
42 It's All in the Family

Meet the Murrays of Miami, a mighty mélange. Sport may be their game, but living is their art

70 Out To Make a Killing

His stoney bird was razor-sharp, a hairline too sharp. But if the fighting cock lost, they would both be dead





The departments

11 Scorecard
52 Baseball
56 Track
60 Soccer
62 Pro Basketball
66 Crew
85 For the Record
88 19th Hole

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President, Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer, Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year

Credits on page 85

Next week

NEW TROOPS will be trying an assault on Riva Ridge in the Preakness next week. Will the 3-year-old champ come out of the race with a black eye or with the black-eyed susans?

THE POWERS THAT BE, boatwise a look at the heavyweights like *Miss Budweiser*, with her Rolls engine, as well as a new abundance of bantams, dragsters and river rats

EVEN THE VOW BOYS wouldn't know the old place. Ron Fimrite reports on the quiet revolution at Stanford University, and its athletes' distinctive attitude toward sport.

© 1972 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N.Y., N.Y.

XERNONA CLAYTON

HOME: Atlanta, Georgia

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Hostess of her own television show (WAGA-TV, ATLANTA).

HOBBIES: Browsing in gift shops and art galleries.

LAST BOOK READ: "Passions of the Mind."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first Black to have a television show in the South.

QUOTE: "I get criticism from both militants and conservatives, but that's because I don't cater to one or the other. It's my responsibility on the show to talk to people and find out about their ideas. If someone in the audience is upset by a guest's point of view, I guess I'd rather risk his anger than shelter him from something unpleasant. I believe everyone must be heard."

PROFILE: A strong, candid individual. A persistent charm and personable manner that enables her to uncover and engage the best that others have to offer.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label."

Dewar's never varies.

Sports Illustrated

Founder
Editor-in-Chief
Chairman of the Board
President
Chairman, Executive Committee
Editorial Director

Vice Chairman

Managing Editor
Executive Editor
Assistant Managing Editors

Art Director

Senior Editors

Associate Editors

Staff Writers

Photographic

Production Manager

Chief of Research

Writer-Reporters

Senior Reporters

Reporters

Art Department

Copy Desk

Production

Administrative Department

Special Contributors

Special Correspondents

Canada

Time-Life News Service

Editorial Services

Publisher
Associate Publisher
Business Manager
Advertising Sales Director
Circulation Director
Promotion Director
New Projects Director

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The subject of Charles Willeford's new novel, from which we publish an excerpt in this issue (*page 70*), is cockfighting—one of the oldest sports in existence. It was a favorite diversion of the Romans, and they took it along with them when they invaded England. "Cockfighting," says Willeford, "is the only sport that can't be fixed, perhaps the only fair contest left in America. A cock wouldn't throw a fight and couldn't if he knew how."

Many readers will protest that it is not a sport at all, in fact, that no blood sport is worthy of the name. However well written the novel may be, its theme is anathema to millions of Americans.

Cockfighting is illegal in most states, but the law is often not enforced and when it is the activity just moves underground. Willeford's *Cockfighter* is a study of human aggressiveness and greed, and a portrait of a blood sport operating under illegal circumstances. Like it or hate it, the game is a distinct and flavorful bit of Americana that helps remind us of what we have been and what we are.

In the past few years public attitudes, if not private ones, have been changing with regard to sports involving bloodshed. This is due in large measure to the efforts of very strong groups organized to prevent cruelty to animals. Cleveland Amory, an outspoken social commentator, is categoric. "You have to think what it would be like to be the baited bear, the stuck pig, the coursed hare, the wounded cock, the exhausted and terrified fox. The people who set one animal against another haven't got the guts to be bullies themselves. They're just second-hand cowards."

Strong words. For hundreds of years others have been less sure of how they felt. King Henry VIII, for example, though not especially notable for kindheartedness, "felt his heart melt at the miseries of the cocks, and made edicts against cockfights." But he also built his private cockpit at Whitehall. This ambivalence—dislike of blood sports and a fascination with them—is common to this day.

There are signs that, for one reason or another, many U.S. blood sports are truly disappearing, or becoming as symbolic as Portuguese bullfighting, which always spares the beast. Coursing, for instance, long popular in Texas, is a different game now that jackrabbits are becoming scarce. Instead of all-out hunts, field trials are held in which two greyhounds chase a live rabbit that runs off through an escape hatch and lives to run another day.

Foxes are in short supply in hunt country, too, and as a consequence are often allowed to go to ground after the hunt. The emphasis of the modern hunt seems to lie more in testing the ability of the hounds to find and follow a scent. A healthy fox can always outrun the dogs if a long run does not tire it first.

Falconry has been legal in most states, but this month the Department of the Interior put a temporary clamp on that ancient and aristocratic sport. The U.S. has just signed an agreement with Mexico making falcons, hawks and owls protected species. A permit system for falconers is to follow.

In spite of a softer climate of opinion, blood sports do survive, marked by the aura of ultimate combat that has always made them devilishly interesting, even to those who would rather climb the nearest mountain on bare feet than witness, say, a bullfight. And countless Americans still feel deeply that hunting can be a noble pursuit.

One thing for sure: You won't need to see a cockfight after reading Charles Willeford's evocative account. You'll know what it's like.

Dick Munro

Onedownsmanship.

You remember one-upsmanship. If the next guy vacations in Acapulco, you go to Majorca. If he gets a Chevy, you get an Olds.

Well, the smart guys, the ones who really know how to play the game, are playing it in reverse.

He goes to Acapulco, you go to the zoo and a Mexican restaurant. It may not be quite the same, but no tourists in shorts, and you're two grand ahead.

He gets that Chevy – you guessed it, you go for the Honda Coupe.

It costs a bundle less. And it gets up to 40 miles to the gallon. Which adds up to a few more bucks a month saved.

The skilled onedownsmanship player takes the money he saves on his car and other things and invests it wisely.

And one day before too long he's got more money than he knows what to do with.

And that, dear reader, is how one-downsmanship is really oneupsmanship.

The Honda Coupe. Under $1700.
It makes a lot of sense.

How can you buy the life insurance you may need in the future if poor health makes you uninsurable?

Be sure that you buy a policy that includes a *guaranteed insurability option.*

Which means that you are guaranteed the right to buy additional life insurance protection at intervals in later years. Usually up to age 40, in the same amount as your original policy, regardless of your physical condition.

Which is very important. Especially when you have a family.

If you'd like to know more about life insurance, send for your free copy of our fact-filled 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance." This will help the next time you have a talk with one of the trained life insurance agents in your community.

Mail me a free copy of your 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance.
277 Park Avenue, Dept. B2, New York, N.Y. 10017

CARRIER'S TOP SECRET IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Carrier's Cosmopolitan is the only room air conditioner with a top secret.

But anyone can see it. Just walk up to one. Open its louvered control panel door. Push HI-COOL or LO-COOL.

And the secret is out.

Through a top drawer panel that opens automatically. Sends out the cool. Deflected. So there's no blast. No cold shoulders.

Cool, dry air that soars upward to the ceiling. Across and down in an arc of comfort.

You feel the difference all over. In seconds. With no drafts or hot spots.

And the Cosmopolitan is very hush-hush about it all.

But there's nothing secret about its beauty. Turned off. Or on.

Come in and check out a top secret at any of the better appliance or department stores. Now. Before there are no secrets left.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company.

Carrier

air conditioning

Enlarged to Show Detail

Take This Massive SOLID STERLING SILVER MEDALLION FOR JUST $1.00

THE WELLS FARGO STAGECOACH. Actual size 40 mm—larger and thicker than a silver dollar. Forged in 925 grains of sterling or gold-on-sterling

Your introduction to Longines Symphonette's "WELLS FARGO

HERITAGE OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

- **A magnificent American walnut frame** displaying 38 medallions, FREE with your subscription. We even include personalized plaques with your name and series number.
- **Luxurious Membership Certificate** suitable for framing.
- **Monthly Newsletters** keep you up-to-date on the progress of your collection ... events that could affect the value of your series.
- **Beautiful and Informative Booklets** give information about each person and event in the series.

IMPORTANT! WE CANNOT GUARANTEE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION UNLESS YOUR APPLICATION IS RECEIVED DURING THE 1972 CALENDAR YEAR.

LONGINES SYMPHONETTE IS PROUD TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF MEDALLIONS

It depicts the history of our nation—as it was when that history was being made. Strong ... determined ...vital! When heroism was an everyday occurrence ...when the determination to be great was etched in every deed. And here are those deeds and the men who performed them—brilliantly sculpted and captured forever in multi-struck deep relief on precious metal in a 36-medal series as destined to grow in stature among medallic art collectors as our country itself was destined to grow.

CHOOSE YOUR SERIES IN SOLID STERLING OR GOLD-ON-STERLING

You may take your series in either exquisitely sculpted Solid Sterling Silver—or the same superb medal in 24-karat Gold Electroplated on Solid Sterling Silver.

FANTASTIC REPURCHASE GUARANTEE

So sure are we that this Wells Fargo HERITAGE OF THE GOLDEN WEST is one of the finest examples of Medallic Art, that we guarantee to repurchase the completed set, at the purchase price, if you are dissatisfied with it...either in growth potential or in any other way ... anytime up to June 30, 1975.

EVERY MEDALLION WILL BEAR YOUR PERSONAL SERIES NUMBER

This will be etched along its side to bring you a completely matched set (considered most valuable to collectors) .. to further enhance its value as a treasured artwork today and as a source of possible financial growth tomorrow.

MINTED TO THE FINE JEWELRY STANDARDS OF THE WITTNAUER PRECIOUS METALS GUILD

Your individually numbered series will be minted to the fine-jewelry standards of famous Wittnauer Jewelers. The medals are radiant works of art that you and your family will treasure for years to come.. that could become your family's most valued heirloom. Along with your first medal, which you may keep for just $1.00 (no matter what you decide to do about reserving your subscription to the series), you will be sent the second medallion. It depicts the startling heroism of the famous Pony Express Rider.

Examine both these brilliant medallions FREE FOR 15 DAYS. The first medallion is yours for just $1.00 even if you decide to return the second medal and the walnut frame shown at left, and cancel your subscription.

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

LONGINES SYMPHONETTE SOCIETY
HERITAGE OF THE GOLDEN WEST
BOX 1819, Larchmont, New York 10538

Please reserve my Golden West Series subscription. I will receive the first two medals in the series for FREE 15-DAY EXAMINATION and, even if I decide to return the second medal and cancel, I MAY CHOOSE TO KEEP THE WELLS FARGO STAGECOACH MEDAL FOR ONLY $1. I understand that I will be billed on a regular basis for each consecutive shipment of two medals per month produced for my account. Orders subject to acceptance by our Sales Office.

Please Check One – Reserve my subscription in:
- ☐ 24K Gold-electroplated on Sterling ($15 per medallion)*
- ☐ Solid Sterling ($10 per medallion)*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE NO. _____

*Add 50c postage, handling and insurance plus sales tax where applicable.

AN EXTRA SERVICE FOR YOU:

(Please check if you wish to charge your purchase)
- ☐ American Express
- ☐ BankAmericard
- ☐ Diner's Club
- ☐ Master Charge

My credit card number is _____

BankAmericard Expiration Date _____

Master Charge Bank Number _____

Diner's Club Signature _____

153 AZ
154 AZ 351

17 mg. tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 71.

© '71 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

FOOTLOOSE

Calaveras County herpetologists getting set for their annual great leap forward

A frog that is not jumping in Calaveras County this weekend is unworthy of the species. Mark Twain's durable legend, sire to 35 other annual frog jumps across the country, lives on each May in the onetime gold-rush community of Angels Camp, Calif. (pop. 1,147), where the event swells the local habitation to more than 60,000, including a couple of thousand frogs.

With the startling exception of last year, these occasions have been sunny times of fellowship and sport. For reasons nobody fully understands, the 1971 jump was a mess. There was the usual good-natured horseplay, some drinking and moments of competitive passion when the competition started. But then the celebration turned nasty. Before it was over 141 persons had been hospitalized, one youth had died and more than 60 people had been arrested.

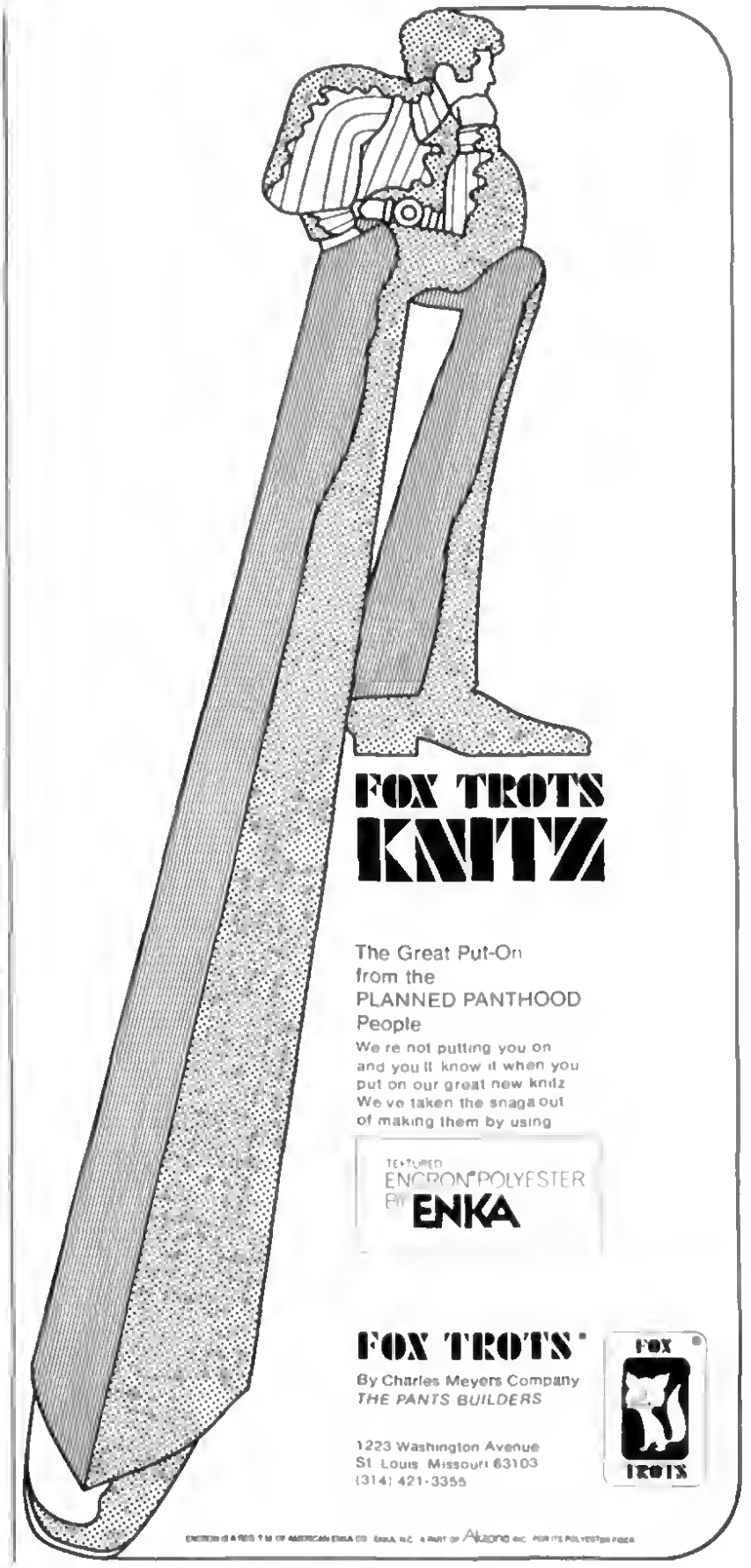
Calaveras County and Angels Camp trust this will never happen again. The community takes pride in its 40 previous frog jumps (not counting the one Mark Twain wrote about, which was held in 1863), during which the most serious mishap was a squashed competitor or two. These past events have attracted amphibians from 13 nations and 34 states. Governors and movie stars have entered. Names of winners have been flashed by wire services to capitals throughout the world. This hardly seems like an American institution to sully with disorderly conduct.

What accounts for the international enthusiasm is something other than the prize money, which in the case of the winner amounts to only $300. Not even the nominal entry fee of $2 per frog would encourage more than a handful of mercenaries to this remote site. It must then be the knowledge that this is the Big Apple, the Indy 500, the Super Bowl of herpetology.

A frog may be entered at Angels Camp from anywhere in the United States, but quarantine regulations now make foreign starters somewhat impractical. Jump authorities send off the following instructions to would-be entrants: "The frog should be packed in a watertight container with air holes in the lid and a little wet moss or grass plus an inch of water in the bottom. He will not need food during the trip, and we will take care of him after he arrives. But the arrival should be timed so that it is not more than a few days before the jump." If that is too much trouble, a person traveling to Angels Camp may enter and manage one of the "pool" frogs provided at $2 each by the local Boosters Club.

If all this makes frog jumping sound like a proletarian pursuit, it should be pointed out that the masters of the sport go to con-

continued



siderable lengths to breed winners. Entire strings of jumping frogs are kept by these amateur herpetologists, who try everything from beer injections to Pavlovian stimuli.

The actual competition is simple enough. A frog is placed in the center of a large circle, then encouraged—but not prodded—to leap. He gets three jumps, and his distance from the starting point after the third leap is what counts. Frogs have been known to execute equilateral triangles, ending up at the same spot they began, for a net jump of zero. The present record is a prodigious 19' 3⅛", set in 1966 by a female owned by the Hall-Proctor Stables, the nearest thing Angels Camp has to a Calumet Farm. Bill Proctor, an airlines pilot, and his brother-in-law Leonard Hall, a real-estate salesman, both of Stockton, Calif., are regarded as the most assiduous and effective scouts in trogdom. Their entries have won four of the last six contests.

According to Mark Twain, frog jumping got started in Calaveras County when the gold miners grew tired of their normal pursuits—poker and brawling—and rounded up a few frogs on which to wager. In Twain's legend, a sharpie came through town, challenged the champion frog and, when the *owner was not looking, weighted it with* buckshot.

The community organized its first official jumping contest in 1928, an event that drew a crowd of almost 5,000, but only 51 frogs. The winner's mark that year was a mere 3' 6". Since then the local Boosters Club and other municipal promoters have hyped the event into the spectacle it is today. Promotional gimmicks abound. The Boosters once invited a cousin of Twain's to come west from Hannibal, Mo. to throw out the first frog (1929), and in the same year they formed a vigilance committee to see that Al Capone stayed away. In 1930 a frog named Budweiser won the contest, prompting August A. Busch Jr. to telegraph an offer to purchase the champ. When the owner asked $250, a long silence ensued at the St. Louis end of the wire.

Gary Cooper, filming *High Noon* nearby, tried to get in on the action, but he was disqualified when he showed up with a toad. Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus sent an entry one year that measured 29 inches from nose to toes; it didn't even place. In 1966 Ronald Reagan entered a frog that covered all of 2' 10" in its allotted leaps.

Angels Camp reposes in some of California's most historic and beautiful countryside, but getting there is not really half the fun. Sacramento is the nearest major airline terminus, and public ground transport is at best chancy. Hotel accommodations are scarce. The best answer is driving in and camping out. At that, it's a better deal than the frogs get.

—Clee Gwyncke

Change into something glamorous.

Like a size smaller.

A few extra pounds here. A few extra pounds there. And before you know it size 10 becomes a size 12.

It doesn't require iron-willed discipline to get back in shape. A few minutes of exercise a day, a regular program of physical fitness, is all it takes. And before you know it, you've won the battle of the bulge.

Your doctor will tell you, exercise can help you feel better, keep you more mentally alert, and help you live longer. Your heart is one of the few machines that actually improves with use.

It's never too late to get back in shape. If you're serious about it, write to us and we'll send you a free booklet showing you how.

THE PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS & SPORTS, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20202

Suzuki introduces America.

An America you've probably never seen before.

An America that lies waiting to be rediscovered. An America of trees, mountains, beaches and canyons.

And riding a Suzuki motorcycle can introduce you to that country—with the wind rushing past your face – in pure, open freedom.

And you can do that on any Suzuki you ride – from our big touring machines, to our trail/street bikes, all the way to the Suzuki minibike we make for your kids.

Every Suzuki has a two-stroke engine – designed to deliver power every stroke. They all have built-in mufflers – so you can see the country quietly.

They have an exclusive oil injection system called CCI Automatic Lube.

They have an adjustable suspension system, so every Suzuki is not only easy handling, but comfortable riding too.

Fact is, everything about Suzuki is built to take on the country. It's the only brand of motorcycles that are.

You can find your nearest Suzuki dealer by calling this toll-free number: 800-631-1972.

U.S. Suzuki Motor Corp., 13767 Freeway Dr., Dept 7015, Santa Fe Springs, CA 70670.

SUZUKI

Suzuki: built to take on the country.

Next time you're near Madison Square Gerden in New York City, drop into The Netionet Art Museum of Sport, which is located right in the Gerden. You'll sae some of the bast examples of sporting art to ba tound anywhere.

Chartered in 1959, The Nationet Art Museum of Sport is dedicated to two universal languages thet bring people togethar: art and sport. It aims to promote standerds of excellence in both tields.

The museum's activities include: exhibitions of sporting art—commissioning of new works—competitions for high school students—new acquisitions—research end publications.

Right now, the Museum needs new membars. Members are admitted free to exhibitions and have an option to purchese works of art. At the same time, they heve e chence to support a program of local end internetional scope To join, simply fill out the coupon

Please enroll me in The National Art Museum of Sport in the membership class I have checked below:

- ☐ FOUNDING (Voting) $1000 00
- ☐ GENERAL (Voting) $100 00
- ☐ BENEFACTOR (Voting) $500 00
- ☐ SUSTAINING $25 00
- ☐ CHARTER (Voting) $250 00
- ☐ REGULAR $10 00

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Checks for Museum memberships, which are tax deductible should be mada payable to The National Art Museum of Sport and sent to the Musaum at Madison Square Garden Center, Gallary of Art Pennsylvania Plaza, New York, N Y 10001

sport in art- an art museum for sports-lovers

CMI

Before you buy an air conditioner, Hotpoint suggests you take a long look and a short listen.

Even a short look at a Hotpoint Heritage will tell you it's one of the best looking air conditioners you can buy. You'll be proud to have it in any room.

And Hotpoint Heritage is quieter than a lot of other air conditioners. We've engineered it to give you cool comfort and keep quiet about it.

There's a Heritage to fit your cooling needs for most any room size. You can get them in capacities from 8,500 to 24,000 BTU. And they all have 3 fan speeds, an 8 position thermostat and a flip-out filter which may be vacuumed or washed clean.

Heritage air conditioners are only a part of a complete line of room air conditioners made by Hotpoint.

And, like every other Hotpoint appliance—washers and dryers, ranges, dishwashers, compactors, disposers, refrigerators and freezers—they are built for a life of dependable performance.

And Hotpoint doesn't love you when you buy an appliance and leave you when it comes to service. Should anything keep a Hotpoint appliance from doing its job, a telephone call will bring a Hotpoint factory-trained serviceman to your door. And that's a promise.

Hotpoint. Customer care. Everywhere.

Fast, dependable service

Hotpoint

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TALL STORIES

Basketball players hovering at or near 7 feet were very much in the news in Southern California during the last week or two. Bill Walton, UCLA's 6'11" sophomore genius, received a flood of press and electronic attention after he was arrested during an antiwar protest in front of a college building. A campus official said, "The only person we could see from inside was Walton. The rest were all too small to be seen over the chairs, trash cans and benches piled against the doors." Los Angeles police ordered the demonstrators to disperse, and then moved in and made arrests. Walton, one of the first taken into police custody, was held for several hours until his brother Bruce, a UCLA football player, bailed him out.

Whether the arrest will affect Walton's basketball career is not yet known. University officials said the incident would be investigated and appropriate decisions made. In the past such procedures have taken months, but eventually some students have been disciplined. Basketball Coach John Wooden, asked what might happen to Walton, replied, "That's not in my bailiwick. It's out of season, and a student's conduct is out of my hands." He also said, "I was not surprised Bill was involved in the demonstration. He is an emotional youngster, and you know where he stands all the time. He is very much against the war."

Some of those who saw the showdown between police and students say Walton was heeding the order to disperse but did not move fast enough. "It was like a three-second violation," one said. "He got caught in the key."

Farther south, in San Diego, a 7-foot high school senior named Ralph Drollinger, who had been eagerly sought by more than 200 colleges, held a press conference to announce that he was going to follow Walton, who is also from the San Diego area, to UCLA. An assistant coach from San Diego State, who had been trying to recruit Drollinger, emotionally attacked the boy's decision (and later called reporters to apologize for the scene he created). Asked if there had been illegal offers or under-the-table suggestions, the 19-year-old Drollinger said, candidly, "Oh, yes. But it was kind of like breaking rules and not breaking them because the illegal stuff, the gifts and things, were offered by booster clubs and not the schools."

Had he ruled these schools out of consideration because of such offers?

"Heck, no."

His mother said, "Actually, I think UCLA followed the rules as close as anybody."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," the youngster smilingly commented.

BRAST BEATING

Drollinger's candor about recruiting practices was reflected in some remarks made on the other side of the continent by an agent who drew up the early contract between the ABA and Jim McDaniels, the player who later drew widespread criticism for subsequently jumping to the NBA. In a speech at a banquet in Virginia the agent, Norman Blass, said, "I got Jim McDaniels to leave college, and I'm not proud of it. We panicked. We saw a basketball merger getting close, and we thought he'd lose a lot of money if he waited to graduate.

"Signing him early was a mistake, but keeping it secret was immoral and dishonest. We got caught, but what follows illustrates the problem. Here's a young boy who is 6'7" or 6'8" when he's 15, and some coach gives him something to play ball because the coach wants to win at any cost. And this continues." He cited a noted coach who left one college for another and who took with him to his new job a player he had recruited for the first school. And a star player who hardly ever attended class during his last college season and who was eased out of school the week the season ended. He charged that less than 35% of pro athletes have degrees.

"How," he asked, "are you going to teach a boy honesty, morality, legality and integrity?"

THAT'S OLD, MAN

Talk all you want about rebellious youth, it seems more and more that the aging are insisting upon their place in the sun. For several years there has been a championship track meet in San Diego for runners and jumpers and throwers who are past 40, and there is a National Masters competition for overage swimmers, too. Because swimmers tend to burst into national prominence before they are well into high school and are sometimes thought of as waterlogged veterans if they are still competing when they are out of their teens, the qualifying age for ancient mariners is 25. Those of us on the far side of 40 are not quite sure whether this is comforting or depressing.

WALL PLAYAD, SIR

Boston's South End has long been noted for its mixture of races and cultures. Irish, Greeks, Turks, Puerto Ricans, blacks and more have made their home

in this unique, if poverty-level, section of the city. Now Jamaicans and other arrivals from onetime British sectors of the Caribbean are making their presence felt, notably in sport and specifically in what can only be called street cricket. This has been a late, wet spring in the Northeast, but on a rare warm Satur-

continued

day earlier this month a bemused baseball fan taking a walk in the welcome sun stumbled across a slightly corrupt form of the ancient English game on a side street. His report:

"A group of mixed races talking a vaguely Jamaican brand of English commandeered one end of the street and part of an abandoned gas station. An old cricket bat was the only piece of legitimate equipment they used. The ball was an ordinary tennis ball. The pitcher's rubber (I don't know the correct term) was a beer can. The wicket was an honest-to-God empty pizza box perched on top of a battered trash can. The players took turns trying to knock down the wicket, each with one throw apiece, and the wicket was defended by one batsman with the cricket paddle. The players were spread around the street, and the ball was deftly knocked under cars and up alleys. One particularly long shot almost cleared the wall of the historical Old South End Burial Ground.

"They had a great time shouting at each other, running the ashcan wicket off the street whenever traffic came through and avoiding anything that resembled keeping score. What it all seemed to prove is that you don't need a manicured Little League field to play baseball. Pardon me, Cricket."

TWO WHEELS VS. FOUR

From Boston, too, comes word that the Association for Bicycle Commuting recently held 25 races between bicycles and automobiles from various commuting points. Each race covered approximately five miles through heavily traveled streets. The bikes won 21 races, the cars three and one ended in a tie.

THE TERM IS OLD PRO

A comparison of the average height, weight, age and playing experience of the 26 NFL teams shows, surprisingly, that bigness is not all that important, despite publicity stress on 280-pound behemoths and coachly comments that a bright draft choice will be all right as soon as he adds a little beef. The heaviest team in the AFC, the Buffalo Bills, had a 1-13 season, and the five bulkiest AFC squads, all with losing records, included the four weakest members of the conference. In the NFC only two of the five heaviest teams (the Cowboys and Rams, admittedly) won more than they

but four of the six lightest did including the puniest of all, the Falcons, who averaged 11 pounds less per man than the Packers. The Packers, the heaviest team in pro football, lost twice as many as they won.

Height had no bearing on success or failure, but age or, more particularly, playing experience, turned out to be a remarkably precise barometer. Of the six AFC teams with most experience per man, five had winning seasons. The seven clubs with less experience all lost more than they won. A similar pattern held in the NFC. Five of the six most experienced teams had winning records, while all but two of the other seven were losers.

George Allen could have told you.

THE KING

The disputatious Mineral King project, the proposed Walt Disney recreational area in California's Mineral King Valley, has been altered considerably and now appears to be going full steam ahead. The major change is elimination of a $35 million access highway. In its stead will be a narrow-gauge electric railroad that will run from California state highway 198 into the heart of the valley. Under the new plan the number of visitors to the area at any one time will be limited. A Disney official says, "This will allow us to reduce the number of recreational facilities, such as restaurants and ski lifts."

The Sierra Club, which fought the original proposal, has not yet abandoned legal challenges to the project, but it was pleased with the revisions. A spokesman said, "These changes seem to constitute an admission that previous plans were overblown. By scaling down the development and abandoning the destructive road, the promoters are at last recognizing there are ecological limits to what the area can sustain."

A DOG'S LIFE

An ecologist named Alan Beck has been studying urban dogs, learning how a city stray "survives, gets its food, breeds, dies and interacts with other animals, including man." He found that strays are concentrated in low-income areas, probably because there are more people there and food is readily available. All dogs eat garbage, he says, and knock over cans to get at it. They find shelter under cars, porches, bits of shrubbery,

continued

GRIP THE ROAD

Tires that skid cause more accidents than blowouts. That's why you need Armstrong Rhino Tuff Tires — specially built to grip the road for your family's protection. For the newest in safe, dependable tires — from glass belts to steel belts, from bias ply to radials — see your Armstrong Dealer today.

ARMSTRONG TIRES

Fine old Bourbon in a fine new pipe tobacco:

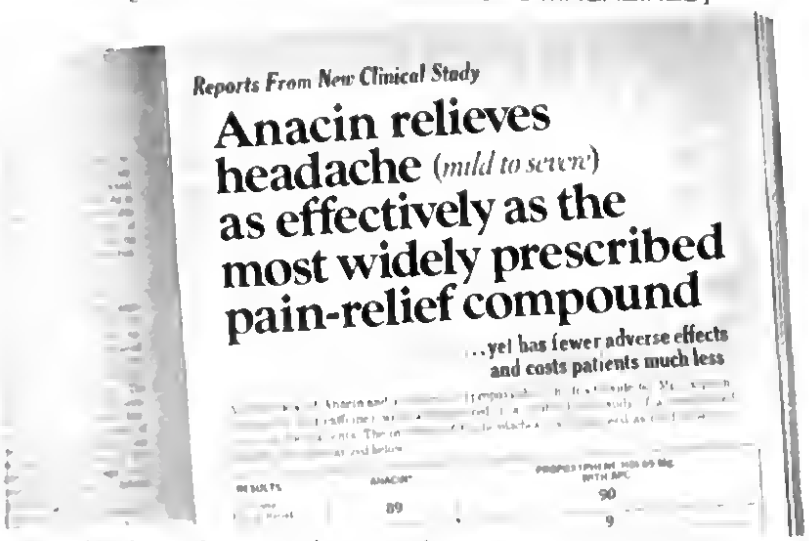
Bourbon Blend.

A superb blending of the finest-quality tobaccos, Bourbon-flavored to give you a mellower, richer taste and pleasing aroma.

Popular Price

News about headache relief you probably missed

[UNLESS YOU READ MEDICAL MAGAZINES]



What doctors know that you should know

In clinical tests on hundreds of sufferers, it has now been proven that Anacin delivers the same complete headache relief as the leading pain relief prescription. This advertisement in leading medical journals told the story.

Anacin contains more of the specific medication doctors recommend most for pain than the leading aspirin, buffered aspirin or extra strength tablet.

Now you know that Anacin delivers the same complete headache relief as the leading pain relief prescription. Take Anacin® Tablets.

in doorways, inside vacant buildings. Strays are generally young animals. Beck reasons that this is because dogs tend to be killed by cars before they can reach a venerable age.

City dogs tend to stay in relatively small home areas. Half are loners and another 25%, have one companion. Fewer than 10%, run in packs of four or more. Baltimore, the city he studied, had 7,000 reported dog bites last year, and it is estimated an equal number went unreported. That averages out to nearly 40 dog bites a day.

Free-running dogs pose a problem and not just in the cities. It is likely that much of the damage in rural areas that is blamed on coyotes and even wolves is the work of dogs. But no one has tackled the problem, Beck says, because "the dog is definitely the sacred cow of the United States. Everywhere I found unshakable devotion and protectiveness for the animal, apparently because dogs seem to fill the gamut of human needs. They offer companionship, especially to older people living alone, and they often afford the only contact some people have with other living things. For many, walking a dog can be the sole excuse for going outdoors."

Right. When you get down to it, who cares about spilled garbage and a few bites?

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Palmer, Baltimore Oriole pitcher revealing that one facet of baseball troubles him: "I don't know how to keep a scorecard. I should learn, but they number the guys wrong. By the time I figure out the numbers, I forgot where the batter hit the ball."

• Bill Bradley, sounding slightly stunned after the Knicks' loss to the Lakers in the fourth game: "I'll be playing this one over in my mind for a long time. It's the first time I've played a game over in my mind since my rookie year, when I learned you shouldn't play a game over in your mind."

• John Laux, team manager for Indy driver Lloyd Ruby, on the wings now prominent on racing cars: "Ours are so wide I'm afraid we're going to be hijacked."

• Foster Brooke, comedian, after playing in the Byron Nelson Classic Pro Am: "I played so bad I thought the only way for me to help my team would be to have a heart attack. Then I realized that would be a stroke, too." END

To Our Stockholders

The challenges of 1971 for all business were the most demanding we have faced as a nation, as individuals, and as a corporation in many years: an adverse national economy, slowdowns in many foreign markets, unprecedented currency changes this time affecting the value of the United States dollar itself, domestic wage-price controls, and a general tension in international trading relations.

It was a year in which performance was demanded of all industry, and our contingency plans and forward-looking policies of the past were finally put to the real test of these conditions.

I am pleased to report that our Company has come through those tests with still another year of record sales and revenues, income and earnings per share before extraordinary item. This is the twelfth consecutive year in which such results have been achieved by your management.

In retrospect, it is also interesting that this record has now been maintained through [illegible] test periods of United States national [illegible] 58-59, 1961-62, and 1970-71.

There is no question in my mind that the reason for [illegible] ability to perform [illegible] as well [illegible] the result of our unique open management style, for which we now become widely known, give maximum response to field conditions, and support talented and widespread personnel in each operations. It is from these strengths that the Company's unusual abilities to follow a diversified risks in selected fields of abportunity and to do so with increasand controlled exposures. It is, indeement abilities that have enabled us looking policies and reasonable controbjectives on a global basis—and yet our stockholders objectives under tions of 1971.

Worldwide concern with improvtranslated by the Company into programs. As a consequence, the power during 1971 compared ve 14% increase in sales, revenues and finance income.

In my opinion therefore, it that made the difference for uswe have now for 12 years beemanagement strength which itant asset of our Company.

We have over [illegible],000 selectedorldwide. Their

We keep repeating ourselves.

It's getting to be a familiar story. In 1971, we again achieved new record levels in consolidated sales and revenues, net income and earnings per share.

Worldwide sales and revenues totaled $7.3 billion, a record high and an increase of 13% over the 1970 sales and revenues of $6.5 billion as restated to include companies added through pooling of interests.

New high in income

Consolidated income reached a new peak of $407 million, before the extraordinary non-recurring charge of $70 million to cover the uninsured portion of our investment in Chile. Such earnings increased 12% over the restated 1970 net income of $363 million.

On a per-share basis, after recognition of all common stock equivalents, earnings for the year, before the extraordinary charge, amounted to $3.45, compared with restated earnings per share of $3.14 in 1970, an increase of 10%. The special non-recurring charge was equivalent to 60 cents per share.

Increase in dividends

For the eighth consecutive year, the dividend on the common stock was increased, reaching a new annual rate of $1.19 per share, within the limitations of the Wage and Price program.

At the close of 1971, ITT's manufacturing backlog had reached a new high of $2.8 billion, compared with the record level of $2.3 billion, as restated, for 1970.

Capital expenditures for plant and facilities amounted to $654 million, marking the third year in which such outlays exceeded $500 million.

The sales and revenues figures do not include Chilean operations nor the premiums and revenues of the insurance and finance subsidiaries. This would amount to $1.5 billion for the year, and represents an increase of 15% over the comparable 1970 results.

Annual report available

You will find these and other results detailed in our 1971 annual report.

For a copy, write: Director of Investor Relations, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

Sports Illustrated
MAY 22, 1972

HOW SWEET IT IS!

New York rejoices as the Mets keep a hot streak going and the newest Met of all says 'Hey' to the town of his youth with a timely game-winning homer

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The banner draped over the second deck in the left-field stands at New York's Shea Stadium last Saturday afternoon was a fine piece of bed-sheet art. It utilized many bright colors. There were yellow jackets flying between the words of its message, which was, "There's a New Bee-U-tiful Sound Buzzin' " The history of the New York Mets has been written best on bed sheets and banners: some clever, others loving or angry or stupid or even metaphysical, like one displayed during the summer of 1971: "Should reincarnation exist, this bed sheet would like the opportunity to return merely as a bed sheet." The sheet with the bees was a tribute to Buzz Capra, a 24-year-old right-handed pitcher making his first Shea Stadium start against the San Francisco Giants, before 35,780 people.

The job Buzz Capra did on the Giants may have been overlooked by many during a zany, emotional, publicity-rich week in which the Mets picked up Willie Mays *(see cover)*, a man 30 years older than the franchise itself. Although Willie was getting most of the ink, it was players like Capra, Jon Matlack, Jim Fregosi, Rusty Staub, Teddy Martinez and John Milner who were responsible for the most impressive start in Met history, pushing the team into a lead of three games over second-place Philadelphia and 5½ over world champion Pittsburgh in the East Division of the National League. By acquiring Mays the Mets were buying some insurance for the pennant they devoutly believe they will win. It was costly insurance, since Mays is being paid $140,000 to spend most of his time on the bench, wages even the Supreme Court doesn't get. But viewed another way, Willie is a bargain. In Mays-mad New York he sells seats.

Mays is 41 now, and fastballs he once was able to hit with his eyes shut go by him more often than he wants to admit. At the time the Mets got him, Willie, normally a superior spring hitter, was batting .184, had no home runs and only three runs batted in. But he had some pretty good company in the lower averages of the major leagues. Boog Powell, Willie Stargell, Reggie Jackson, Ted Sizemore, Maury Wills, Ken Henderson, Willie Horton and Carl Yastrzemski. And could they do with gloves or legs what Mays can still do with his?

To be sure, the Mets have never been able to do with their legs or gloves—or hats—what they are doing this year. They can score a run after two men are out. Hit doubles. Use the hit-and-run to set up a big inning. Met fans are now asking themselves an unusual question: Is our pitching good enough?

Over the last three weeks the Mets have done some remarkable things with both hitting and pitching, winning 16 of 21 games—and all eight games that were decided by one run. Matlack and Capra, the new pitchers added to the starting rotation, won five times and lost once. Tom Seaver, while not pitching well according to his own exalted standards, was good enough to be 5-1.

Tug McGraw, the animated relief specialist, came out of the bullpen to strike out 22 batters in 22 innings, win two games and save five others. Two weeks ago New York was losing 6–0 to the San Diego Padres in the bottom of the eighth inning, yet rallied to win. A few days later Rusty Staub homered in the eighth to tie a game with Los Angeles. Speed won that one for the Mets via an infield single by Martinez in the 14th. Last Friday a perfect hit-and-run single in the ninth by Fregosi set up the winning run against the Giants. The next day Capra allowed just three hits in eight innings and singled in the only run he needed. In New York's first 17 victories the game-winning hits were provided by 12 different men.

The Mets getting Mays was the crowning touch to what has been a most bewildering season. Nobody truly believed that Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, would ever trade Willie, his most important object of art. Joan Payson, owner of the Mets, had long coveted Mays but was rebuffed each time she went acourting Stoneham. During spring training this year, however, the Mets began to get different soundings from Stoneham. Although the Giants had won the West Division in 1971, they had done so by pulling ahead early, then just surviving the Dodgers' closing sprint while winning only 40 games and losing 43 from July through September. Attendance at Candlestick Park totaled 1,106,043, paltry when compared with the 1,989,704 the Giants played to on the road and the 2,064,594 drawn by the Dodgers in Los Angeles.

The Giants opened this season with two victories over the Astros in Houston and then proceeded to lose 11 of 13 games at Candlestick during the team's longest home stand. With Willie McCovey injured and out for at least three

continued

Signing on, Mays joins Donald Grant (left) and Horace Stoneham at press conference. Signing in, Staub runs a gauntlet of hero hunters

Berra lets it be known that he is the boss.

months, the Giants finally decided to trade Mays and build for the future. Willie's future, too. The Met package adds up to $400,000, including the assurance of a job with the club for three years when Mays retires from the field.

Baseball people wonder all kinds of things about Mays becoming a Met. One of the most frequently discussed matters is how Yogi Berra will handle him. More precisely, *if* he can handle him. In San Francisco, Mays virtually wrote his name in the lineup when he wanted to. During a meeting in New York before the transaction was completed, Berra and Mays got together. Yogi made it plain that he was boss. Yogi would make out the lineup card. Yogi would play Mays at first base at certain times and in the outfield at others, times of Yogi's choosing.

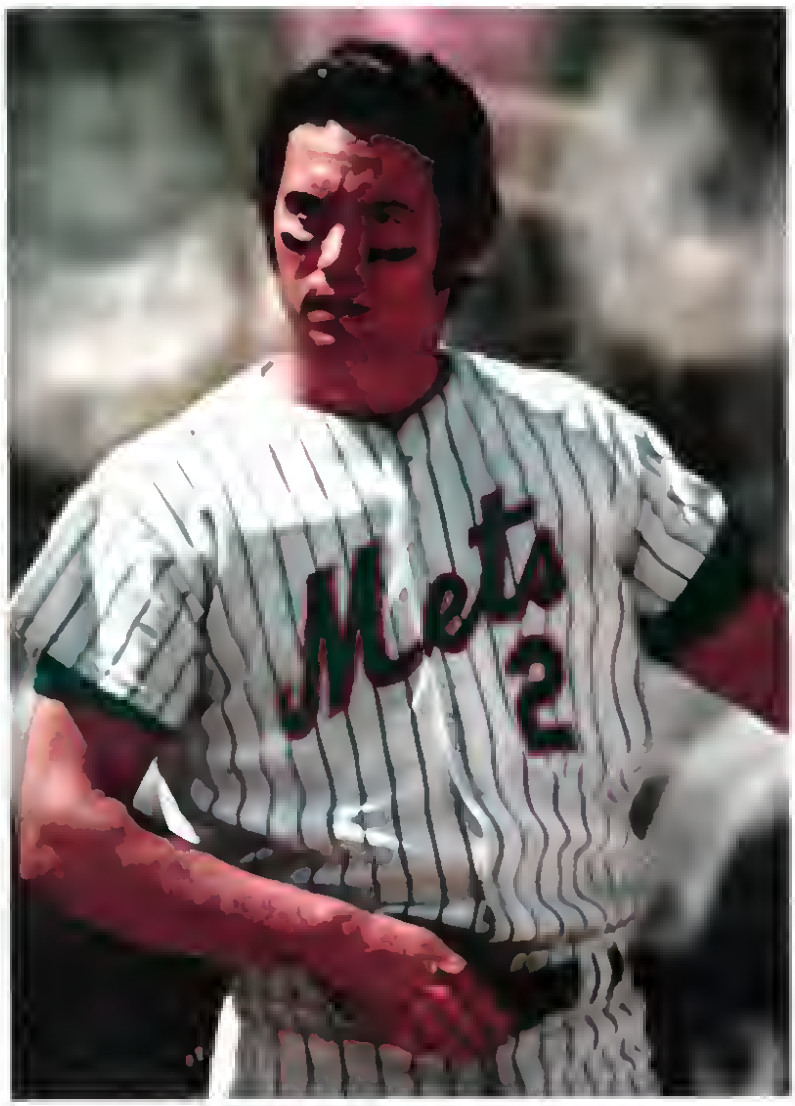
When the Yankees fired Berra after losing the seventh game of the 1964 World Series, they let word seep out that he could not handle his players. Proof was supposed to be the Phil Linz harmonica affair. Remember? Linz was playing a tune on the team bus after the Yanks had lost a four-game series to the White Sox in late August. Linz remembers, all right—Yogi with respect and the mouth organ with regret. "I think the Mets will win the pennant with Yogi," he says today. "He is a good strategist and an excellent judge of pitchers and he does not panic. The Yankees were already in bad shape and aging the year before Yogi took over as manager. Mickey Mantle was hurt and Whitey Ford's arm bothered him. But somehow we won the pennant that year and the next, when Yogi took over. I think no one could have done a better job than Yogi with that team.

"I was a fool to play the harmonica. Here we were 4½ games out and I was playing a harmonica in the back of the bus. Yogi comes back and fines me. The next day he calls me into his office and says he is sorry he had to do it. Hell, I was the one at fault. After Yogi was fired the Yankees hired Johnny Keane and he panicked by the third week of the season. Elston Howard ruined his arm because Keane forced him into the lineup early. Mantle played before he was ready, too. Yogi knew that when Howard and Mantle said they could not play, they meant it. Keane was a good man, but I think he felt the Yankees were spoiled."

Twice last week situations came up in which Berra could have used Mays as a pinch hitter if he had cared about the "We Want Willie" chanting of the crowd. Both times Willie stayed on the bench. At one point M. Donald Grant, the Mets' board chairman, who had worked out the details of the winning of Willie, leaned over the rail of his field box and peered into the dugout, obviously hoping to see Mays heading plateward. The pinch hitter he saw instead was John Milner. Forty-four thousand people booed. Yogi had decided before the game that Milner would be his first pinch hitter against right-handed pitching. Milner, who was hitting .357, dutifully got on base—via a walk—and then scored the winning run.

The fans surely want to see Mays, but a lot of young ones may not want to see him in center field, where their own Shea Hey Kid, Tommie Agee, plays.

Californian Jim Fregosi, another of the Mets' new boys in town, is an apt pupil at third base



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

Agee came to New York from the American League in 1968 and had a brutal adjustment period. He was booed time and again and harder and harder, but in 1969 he turned out to be the team's most popular hitter.

Then there are those other new faces vying for attention, too. Fregosi, a six-time All-Star shortstop for the California Angels, is making not only the switch from the American League to the National but from shortstop to third. He has had difficulties at third because, at times, he has tried to watch the pitcher and the hitter simultaneously, something a shortstop must do but a third baseman cannot. The ball comes off the bat to a third baseman either so hard or soft that only the hitter can be watched. "I think I will get it down finally," says Fregosi. "It's hard to adjust to a new position, and when you change leagues there is a whole new set of ball parks and pitchers to contend with. After you've been in one league for 10 seasons you know the pitchers as well as you are going to get to know them. Here I have to learn two or three new things in every game." But he is a solid addition to the team.

So is Staub, who is one of the smartest hitters the Mets have ever had. In each of his last two seasons with the Montreal Expos he drove in over 90 runs. He also possesses a magnificent throwing arm. But even *Grandes Oranges* have slumps. In the throes of one last week he broke his bat in disgust and threw it away—only to find it hanging over his locker after the game. It was put there by Seaver. After Staub laughed, took it down and discarded it again in a trash can, Seaver retrieved it and mounted it over Fregosi's locker. Thus are newcomers made welcome. At the time Fregosi's locker also sported the message: "To take a great weight off your mind, try discarding your halo."

Such jocularity contrasted sharply with the somber mood of the Mets when the season started, for Manager Gil Hodges had just died in West Palm Beach. Says Shortstop Bud Harrelson, "I don't think I ever saw Gil look so good or feel so relieved about things as he did this spring. We had the feeling in St. Petersburg that we were going to win. I think we will. Gil is still here. He's in the clubhouse in the things he left us with—the search for excellence, the belief that it was something special to be a Met. When Yogi was named manager it didn't surprise me at all. We wanted someone who was in the organization and knew us. Yogi is a very shrewd man, an excellent baseball man. Some people might laugh at the way he talks. We don't. Seaver figured out the other day that as a team we are at just about the right ages to have our best years. I hadn't thought about it that way, but I believe he's right."

Mays uncoils after belting a fifth-inning home run to win his first game with the Mets

Some 40 hours before Willie Mays was ready to appear in his first game as a Met he was having his arm rubbed by Trainer Tom McKenna. Seaver, Staub, Agee, Fregosi and Dave Marshall gathered around Mays and started chiding him. "Hey, old man," said Seaver, "you mean it takes you this long to get ready for one game? *This* long?"

Mays laughed and his pealing voice rose in response. "Now how can you say that?" he asked. "You ain't even made it through your first 10 years in the big leagues yet."

Mays made it into the lineup on a bleak, rain-streaked Sunday afternoon. The weather had diminished an anticipated crowd of more than 50,000 to 36,000. Berra didn't keep them waiting, he put Mays in the leadoff spot. After receiving a fine ovation, Willie drew a walk from Sam McDowell, the only winning pitcher San Francisco has. There were subsequent walks to Harrelson and Agee, and then Rusty Staub drove a grand-slam home run over the right field wall. The Mets on the bench jumped up and down and Rusty's average did a little jumping, too—to .394 against left-handed pitching.

San Francisco tied the game 4–4 in the fifth, and Mays stepped up as the leadoff batter in the bottom of the inning. The count went to 3-2 and then Willie drove the ball into the Giant bullpen. It was one of those marvelous moments in sport when a man does not merely rise to the occasion but soars above it. The ball park rocked as Mays circled the bases. Every player on the New York bench was up to greet him, none more joyfully than the man he had replaced at first base, Ed Kranepool. And, lo, Willie's homer was the winning hit, as the game ended 5–4. It looked like a beautiful season for the bed-sheet business in New York. **END**

Geometry, Indy style, produced this fat, low profile on Andretti car.

OVER INDY ON A WINGDING

The magic 190s were a mere flight of fancy until airfoils sprouted—and then the cars really took off

by ROBERT F. JONES

As they say in Middle America, who'd of thunk it? For the better part of a decade, the big cars that race at Indianapolis had been chipping away at an invisible speed barrier that stands just short of 200 miles an hour, right up there in the mid-190s. By last year they had come within hailing distance of the goal, but even the winged McLarens—quickest of the championship machines—were still about 20 mph short of it. And since such records must be inched up on, no one seriously could have conceived of a breakthrough quite as dramatic as the one that took shape last week at Indy. There, in outbursts of speed that blew the mental engines of even the most unflappable racing men, car after car ripped into the sacred 190s. It was like a platoon of Bob Beamons breaking the world long-jump record in the same meet by the same incredible margin. And in the rain. While wearing overshoes.

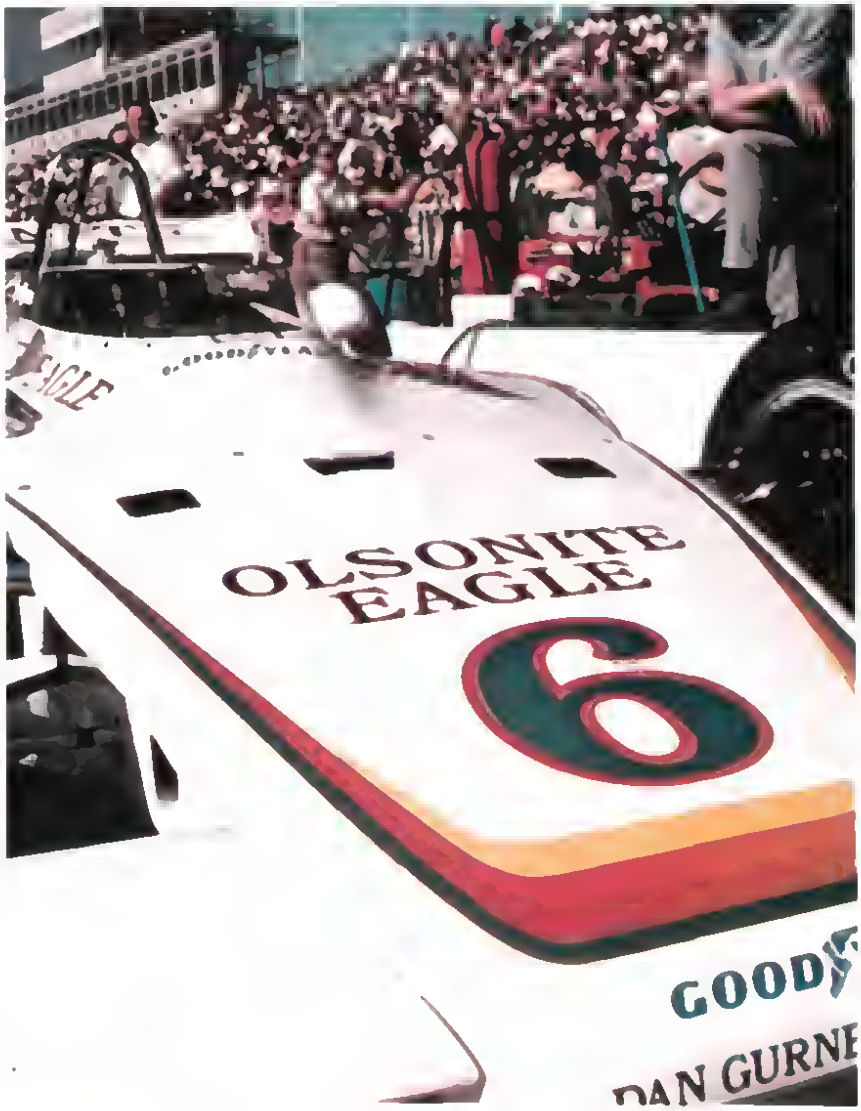
Actually, the nagging spring rains that washed out most of the first and second days

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

of qualifying, while certainly frustrating the 150,000 fans who showed up for the action, served many racing teams in good stead. It gave them extra time to mend the engines broken in practice. And by the time the green light finally winked on at 2:42 p.m. Sunday with just about three hours left to run, everyone was ready.

Even before the weekend's abbreviated qualifying began, 23 cars had exceeded the 180 mph mark, making Peter Revson's one-lap record of 179.354, set during his pole-winning run last year, look like a Go-Kart clocking. Not that the comparison bothered Revvy. He was one of four drivers this season who topped 190 just warming up. Bobby Unser was Mr. Superquick with a lap of 194.721 in his Olsonite Eagle—a practice time that measured a full 15 mph faster than last year's best. Revson himself was second quickest in practice with a 191.123 before he blew the turbocharged Offenhauser engine in his orange McLaren on the eve of qualifying—a development that made for a long and hectic night in the Team McLaren garage.

Gary Bettenhausen of Roger Penske's B Team clocked a 191 flat in his blue McLaren while A Team driver Mark Donohue was busy destroying five different engines in a virtually identical machine. It was that kind of week: one never knew which car would blow up next. The fourth member of the 190 club was Mike Mosley, fully healed from his flaming, near-fatal crash in last year's race. Mosley topped out at 190.5 mph in his A. J. Watson Eagle. Another A. J.—the one called Foyt—barely missed the 190 mark in practice, with a 189.553 clocking to become the only Ford-powered driver in the top 10. *continued*



Key features of Gurney's Eagle are high foils and long, low silhouette

Track-eye view of a McLaren design shows aerodynamic principle while wide tires give the car traction, front foil holds nose down.

Another McLaren mark: stabla flattop

INDY WINGDING *continued*

The price of all that speed was considerable. More than three dozen engines blew during practice alone, and since a turbocharged Offy or Ford costs from $25,000 to $35,000, the tab for broken motors came to nearly a million by the time the boys were ready to qualify. Still, to the speed freaks who live and sometimes die for the dubious honor of running at Indy, the cost in mere metal, however finely wrought, was inconsequential. "We've only sprang part of it," exulted Bobby Unser. It might have stood as a motto for the week.

To understand the full significance of last week's *sprangling*, one must first recognize that the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is not the fastest racecourse in the world. It is only the scariest—a four-cornered, low-banked, sadistic taskmaster whose obdurate concrete walls destroy courage as well as life. The breakthrough at Indy last week was basically aerodynamic, but it was psychological, too. In the past, a sensible driver legged it on the straightaways and backed off just a bit through the corners, counting largely on engine power to give him the fastest time.

This year, with the new adhesiveness produced by airfoils fore and aft, it finally became possible for a driver to stay on the throttle through at least two of the four turns—or maybe more. "If I were brave enough," Bobby U. admitted one afternoon, "I think I could drive flat out all the way around." Nobody is quite that brave just yet, but they soon may be.

The trick word among the speed huffs this May is "geometry"—but not the way you learned it from Pythagoras. It should have been obvious all these years that the best way to increase speed in oval-track racing would be to build a car that sticks tight to the pavement as it runs through the corners, thus permitting full use of engine power most of the lap around the track. The inverted airfoils mounted on the tails of today's cars produce downthrust, and the smaller wings up front keep the car tight to the track as it turns. At the same time, wider tires and stickier compounds of rubber keep the car from spinning out under the complex pressures of engine thrust and turn. All of these developments existed long ago, but they had never been assembled in the proper combination.

Now, taking a cue from the McLaren M16s that astounded the conservative Indy community a year ago, designers have turned to the wing as the best possible solution to the geometry problem. The resulting configurations make this year's Indy the snazziest car show ever.

The radical new Parnelli has wings fore and aft—and an extra set over the front wheels.

Dan Gurney's new Eagle was not only the quickest machine around, but probably the handsomest example of the new geometry. From its massive rear wing through its long, low midsection (which packs the driver inside a flat, low-level fuel cell) to its gaping side-mounted air scoops, it was the optimum design both visually and speedily. Roman Slobodynskyj, the self-effacing, mustachioed designer from Los Angeles who played a major role in getting the new Eagle properly feathered, says that "we had the

basic concepts well in hand even before last year's race."

Slobodynskyj says the key now is "cooling." Once you can permit a car to run flat out, or nearly so, most of the way around a 2½-mile track—as the wings do—the next difficulty is keeping the engine together. Other designers also recognized this problem. Eric Broadley's Lola, purchased and prepared for the race at the last minute by Andy Granatelli, had two huge "nostrils" straddling its front end, ready to suck in air and cool the highly-stressed engine. The radically designed Parnellis, products of the fertile imagination of Maurice Phillippe, whose Lotus 72 is currently the scourge of the Formula 1 circuit, at first sported large V-wings just athwart the driver's cockpit. These wings not only generated downthrust but contained the car's radiators. Result: the same air that pushed the car down onto the track also cooled its engine.

But the new design did not sit well with the team's drivers—Al Unser, Mario Andretti and last year's USAC champion, Joe Leonard. They said, in effect, that they wanted big, wide rear wings like the other boys had.

"We cut off the V-wings to reduce drag," deadpanned George Bignotti, the Parnelli team's chief mechanic. He might have added that they clipped the vees to honor driver psychology—which in the wrong configuration can be just as much of a drag.

The Saturday-Sunday rains, which may well have been ordered up especially by Roger Penske, who was busy installing yet another engine in Mark Donohue's car, forced most of the racing fans indoors. But Indy regulars are nothing if not patient, and if they can't watch racing they'll sit there and talk racing. As usual, the conversation in the bars and boltes of Nap Town centered on racing deaths and such leading questions as "Say, how do you think old A. J. goin' to do?"

By the time Saturday's skies cleared, only an hour of racing time was left in the day. Old A. J., unfortunately, had drawn a qualifying number near the top of the list. He took the green flag just as the sun was sliding back behind the grandstand, and for a few seconds it looked as if Foyt might become the first man to break Revson's qualifying record officially.

But Foyt blew his engine in the short chute between turns one and two, thus blowing his chances for the pole. With that, the faithful retired for another session of drink and stories, eager for the morrow.

That the tension was high on both metal and minds became clear during the Sunday morning practice session. Veteran Jim Malloy, in an Eagle-Offy that he had run up close to 190, hit the wall in turn three, burned as he slid down to turn four, and was cut out of the car in critical condition with all four limbs broken. A spate of rain around noon heightened the tension for fans and foes alike. When Al Unser finally went out—for the first qualifying attempt since Foyt's ill-fated run the previous afternoon—he lasted just one warmup lap before popping a piston and losing his chance, if indeed he had one, for the pole. Bill Vukovich became the first driver to complete an official lap—at a by-now-banal 185.797 mph—but then spun out and went into the wall in the south chute as he started his second lap. Then along came more rain—would it never cease?—before Joe Leonard rolled out to run four nearly faultless laps at a new record average of 185.223. "This record will be short-lived," said Joe. And it was. Mario Andretti, next out in the last of the Parnellis, upped the mark to 187.617.

Then came the first act of the day's climax. Three cars after Andretti, Gary Bettenhausen took to the track in the Penske B Team McLaren and ripped off a first, fast lap of 189.474, averaging 188.877 for the full four. Gary, whose popularity at Indy is as much of his own making as it is derivative of the memory of his father Tony, looked at Bobby U. warming up and said: "O.K., Bobby's out there now. I'd like to hold the record for a few minutes at least." And that was all he got.

By now a tricky wind had abated, the air was properly damp, and Bobby was ready to sprang the rest of the way. His first lap was a convincing 194.922—the quickest he'd traveled since arriving at Indy early in the month. The second—well, no one could quite believe it, not even designer and ex-racer Dan Gurney. His watch reading converted to 196.026. Too much. But on his third lap, Bobby surprised even himself with a clocking of 196.678. His final lap dropped off by half a mile an hour, but no one was disappointed. Unser's final average: 195.937. That was precisely 17.241 miles an hour faster than Revson's record a year ago.

"I feel like cryin'," Bobby laughed when it was all over. "You know, it didn't feel quite as nice at '96 as it did at '94—the ragged edge and all that. The wind was causing some trouble, and I couldn't really get four perfect turns together. But I always got three, and that was enough."

There were few who doubted that it would remain enough. Although Mark Donohue and Peter Revson, who had drawn qualifying positions at the very end of the 33-car line, would have to wait until this weekend to make their runs, it seemed unlikely that their McLarens could catch Bobby Unser's high-flying Eagle. Then again, when Revvy went out last year with a previously ragged engine and set the record, who'd of thunk it? AND

Wings were not enough for Lola designer Eric Broadley: he added front nostrils for cooling.

Boston's incomparable Bobby Orr, though playing with a damaged left knee, destroyed New York to regain the Stanley Cup

by MARK MULVOY

AN ICEMAN TOO HOT TO HANDLE

And so Bobby Orr ended up with the puck and the Stanley Cup. There were only six seconds left to play in Game 6 when Ken Hodge dutifully slid the disk back to Orr at his blue line. Bobby turned around to look at the clock at the end of the rink, and he began to smile. Then he reached down and picked up the puck. "The guy always had it," said Vic Hadfield, captain of the defeated New York Rangers, "and when he had it there wasn't a thing we could do about it."

Which is one way of saying that Orr on 1½ legs was better than any other player on two last Thursday night in Madison Square Garden as Boston won its second Stanley Cup in three years by shutting out the desperate Rangers 3–0. "The way I saw it," said Derek Sanderson, the hairy analyst-in-residence of the Bruins, "Bobby controlled the puck for 40 minutes and was nice enough to let the other 35 players in the game use it for the other 20. He's not a selfish kid, you know."

Maybe not, but one aspect of Orr's genius is not to let the spotlight stray from him at the big moments. Here he was, hockey's best player, Bobby Bad Knee, soon to enter the hospital for another operation, personally settling the bloody war between the sport's top teams—just as he had in the final Stanley Cup game against St. Louis two years ago. That time he scored in overtime, this time he simply got hold of the game early and never let go.

Boston had a man advantage in the first period when the puck came back to him ("Doesn't it always?" Defenseman Brad Park of the Rangers says) at the blue line. Bruce MacGregor, a New York penalty killer, skated at Orr and the puck. "If I could have knocked it off his stick I probably would have had a breakaway," MacGregor said. But as MacGregor poked his stick at the puck, Orr pivoted on his sore left knee and wheeled away. "I don't know if that was a new move I put on MacGregor," Orr said later, "but I do know I almost lost the puck." Cradling it on the slightly curved blade of his stick, Orr moved to within 35 feet of Gilles Villemure and fired a low, hard shot between the Ranger goalie's left leg and the goalpost for the game's first score.

After spending 10 minutes in the penalty box for saying something ungracious to Referee Art Skov, Orr returned to the ice early in the second period and stymied the Rangers with a masterful demonstration of penalty killing. Boston had to play shorthanded for a stretch of three minutes and 22 seconds, including 48 seconds when the Rangers had a two-man advantage, and Orr spent much of that time in a typical game of keepaway. He would get the puck behind his net and skate slowly into center ice, then turn around and return to square one as the Rangers chased him in an agony of frustration.

When they closed in, he would flip the puck to the end of the rink. After two periods it was still 1-0.

Orr was the trigger man on the second Boston goal, which came early in the third period. Phil Esposito, who was destined not to score a goal in the series despite taking 41 shots, beat Walt Tkaczuk on the face-off during another Bruin power play and got the puck to Orr, who darted to his left and drew back his stick for a slap shot. "Bobby had told me he was shooting to Villemure's right too often," said Boston Winger Wayne Cashman later. "He said Villemure was handling these shots without much trouble. So he told me to stay to Villemure's left side, as close to the goal as possible, and be ready for a tip-in." Orr shot—and the puck was aimed at Villemure's left side. Sure enough, Cashman was there. The puck deflected off his skate, ricocheted off the post and fell into the goal. "That was the real killer," said Park.

Cashman scored again in the closing minutes, converting a perfect pass from Esposito, and moments later Captain Johnny Bucyk was taking the big silver Stanley Cup for a short skate around the Garden. "Eat your hearts out," Boston Goalie Gerry Cheevers kept yelling at his tormentors in the crowd. In Game 3 they had served him a bag of nuts to the back of the neck—hard. Now they were beaten and subdued, for not only had Orr hypnotized the Rangers, Cheevers had made some saves that were near miraculous. And though Esposito's big stick was silent, his tough checking, face-off control and threatening presence continually upset the Rangers' precarious balance.

For a time last week, though, it appeared that the Bruins might be en route to a replay of their ignominious collapse in the opening cup round a year ago against Montreal, when all their scoring records failed to impress a rookie goalie, Ken Dryden.

The Bruins led the series three games to one. Champagne was on ice. A private room across the street from the Boston Garden at the Branding Iron restaurant awaited the victory festivities. The television cameras and the radio wires were installed in the dressing room. The cup was polished and on hand. A mayor's reception for the conquering warriors was set for Thursday at 1:30 p.m. At 7:11 p.m. on Tuesday, as the Bruins and Rangers warmed up for Game 5, a delivery man showed up at the Garden pushing four cases of champagne. "These are for the Bruins, compliments of the mayor," the man told an usher, who promptly let him in.

Denis Ball of the Ranger staff turned red at the sight of the champagne. "I wish he would wheel that stuff past our players," he said. The delivery man pushed his way into the Boston dressing room, where Coach Tom Johnson directed him to the weight-lifting room instead. "Leave it there," Johnson said, not wanting his players to see the bubbly before the game. Right then the top of the stacked cartons burst open and a head appeared. "Ahhhh," said the delivery man, "we just wanted to get into the game." The stunt so impressed the Bruin management that the two gatecrashers were allowed to stay.

They should not have bothered. The Bruins led 2-1 after two periods, but then their mind's-eye corks abruptly stopped popping as Bobby Rousseau, an old enemy via Montreal, scored two goals and led the Rangers to a 3-2 victory. "We had our holiday before we earned it," said Johnny McKenzie of the Bruins. "We were awful."

"We did nothing, absolutely nothing," Orr said. "Cripes. We beat New York all year by going after them and staying after them—and here, with a chance to end the season, we do nothing." But the old cocky spirit soon resurfaced. "If the Rangers think they're going to beat us in the next two games, they're full of Park spelled backwards," Esposito said.

As the teams returned to New York, Sanderson summarized the Boston situation. "This is an ego trip for us now. If we don't win this one, we'll be what the Dallas Cowboys were for years. We've got to stick it to them in their building. We don't want to be known as the choke champions."

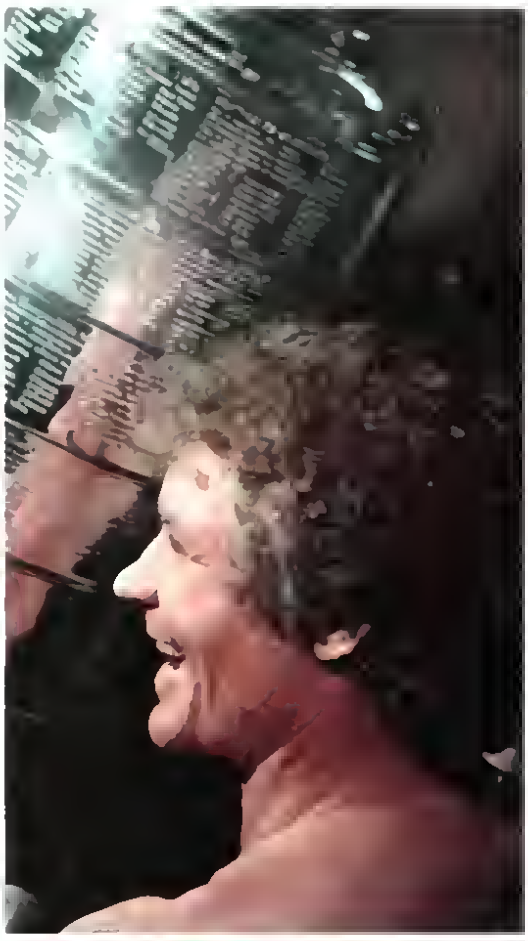
Thanks principally to Orr, the Bruins have avoided any such sobriquet. They played what Bobby called a "perfect game" in the other team's building for the decisive shutout. "We were on top of them for 60 minutes," he said. "They had no place to go."

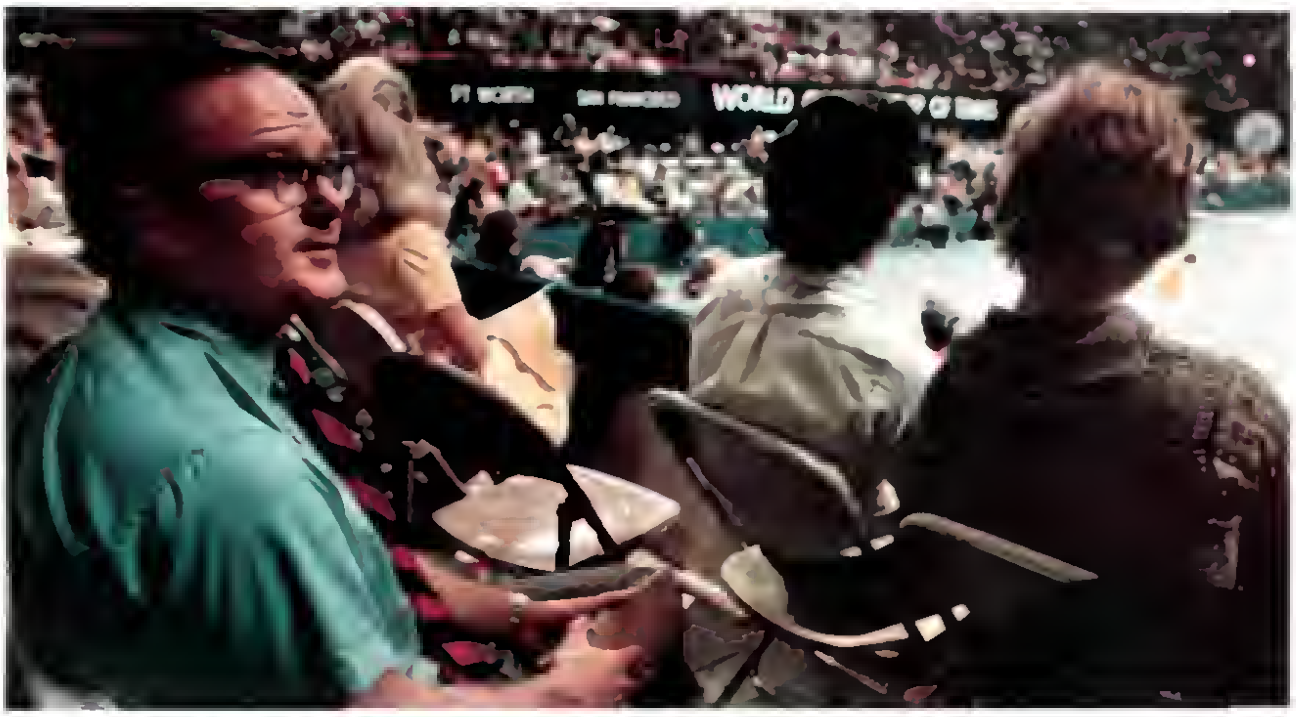
Despite Orr's heroics, it was obvious throughout the series that his movements were restricted by his injured knee. "Sure, it got sore," he said, "and it gave out sometimes when I made a sharp cut to change direction. It even looked on me at times. So I didn't rush the puck as often as I used to. Maybe I'm just getting lazy." Sanderson laughed at that remark. "Bobby's going more for brains and instinct than skating and speed," he said. "He can beat you any way he wants."

"I spent an aggravating summer," summed up Orr when he got home to his apartment in midtown Boston after the real victory festivities had been held. "People kept asking me what happened against Montreal. This summer should be a lot better."

Orr is only 24, so lots of summers should be better. But not all of them. The heavens will be pitiless indeed if, in Orr's days, Coach Emile Francis does not take the cup downcoast once or twice to New York. **END**

Cupbearer to The Kid: a jubilant McKenzie





TUNING UP FOR A NEW HUNT BALL

The same old partners—Laver and Rosewall—danced the last waltz in the pro tennis championship, but the accompaniment was jazzier than ever as some social climbers made their move **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

In Dallas last week the sport of tennis wore blue velvet and artificial flowers for a coming-out party. It dressed up in black tie, served *Chateau Latour* and played its grandest event in a musty old basketball house. Its zillionaire owner worked the press row in shirtsleeves and worn-heeled shoes. Its biggest stars were the smallest of men. And its guest of honor was a TV actor who beats up crooks with judo while trailing the leash of a seeing-eye dog.

In reality the velvet-covered walls encircling the court of SMU's Moody Coliseum signified the true flavor of the game. The locations of this season's early primaries in pro tennis were listed there, and so, in a sense, was the atmosphere: Cologne beauty, Barcelona romance, Quebec pomp and ceremony, Stockholm excitement and intrigue, Las Vegas love games and angles, Charlotte Moon Pie. And inside the velvet was the sport at its best. Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall, two wee and wealthy fellows who could buy the Kentucky Derby as well as ride in it, were battling for the championship of Dallas, Australia and the universe.

When Rosewall defeated Laver, 4-6, 6-0, 6-3, 6-7, 7-6 in a thrilling 3½-hour contest that had the 7,800 spectators howling on every exchange, he did more than win the $50,000 first prize of World Championship Tennis and give gravbeards and midgets a new lease on their Dunlops. The victory was a measure of vindication for "Muscles," who had won this same title over Laver just last November—when it was considered something of a fluke. Then, all he had done was deprive the Rocket of a $300,000 season. Now he has given everybody reason to pause and contemplate who really is the world's finest player in the big ones.

To reach the climax of the rearranged WCT 20-tournament circuit, Laver had won eight events and then cut through John Newcombe and Marty Riessen last week. The 37-year-old Rosewall, meanwhile, disposed of two Americans, Bob Lutz and Arthur Ashe, to bring his creaking, stroking-machine body back to defend his championship.

Seeking revenge, Laver started the finals with a rush, but then mysteriously lost all control of his first service. In one stretch he failed to make good on 28 of 39 first serves, and Rosewall marched into the lead. The Rocket struggled back by taking a tie breaker in the fourth set, 7-3, and the stage was set for the finale of what turned out to be the most dramatic match the two old friends had ever played.

Rosewall made the first move, breaking Laver in the second game with a sensational backhand that he had to run halfway to Fort Worth to get. But suddenly his legs just disappeared and he lost command. Still, Laver's serve continued to be erratic (10 double faults) and Rosewall had him down 4-5 and match point in the 10th game. Then, whap. Ace. Whap, whap. Laver was saved again. More than that, he was ahead 5-4 in the tie breaker and had two serves for the victory. Then it happened. Rosewall called up all his strength to jump on both of Laver's first serves so fast the Rocket must have felt he was in a boomerang gallery.

Now Rosewall led 6-5 and when the Rocket returned the defending champion's own unimpressive serve into the net, the Doomsday Machine had staggered to a classic win at the WCT gala coming-out party.

In a manner of speaking what Rosewall, Laver, WCT and its cash-and-carry commander, Lamar Hunt, all will be coming out from in future weeks is incarceration behind bars. They had been detained in custody since last July at Wimbledon when the 91-nation International Lawn Tennis Federation banned Hunt's WCT players from federation-sanctioned tournaments as of January of this year.

The ILTF action came about because of several factors, depending on who is to be believed. The international group alleged that Hunt wanted a high percentage of the gate at Wimbledon as well as a piece of the action on car parking, catering and television, the choice of tennis balls plus—get this—the introduction of colored shirts. For his part Hunt said he was using up-to-date business methods, that he only wanted pro tennis to be a viable institution like other U.S. pro sports and that he had demanded only reimbursement of air fares.

Hunt sat there stoically at Wimbledon last July as Herman David, the chairman of the All England Club, heaped scorn upon abuse while pointing at Hunt and saying something like, "This man will not tell us how to run tennis."

Forbidding as it did all but two or three of the best players in the world from participating in the two best tournaments in the world (Wimbledon and Forest Hills), the ILTF ban once again gave the administrative part of the game that wondrous tone of farce which it had been trying to escape since the pro-amateur fights of time immemorial. The ILTF, in effect, closed open tennis, and its members returned to staring at walls or whatever it was they did before they opened closed tennis back in 1968.

If this seemed a bit confusing, tennis had seen nothing yet. Through nearly 10 months of charges, countercharges,

continued

Rosewall stomped a swinging Laver and the big boss of it all, Lamar Hunt, could just sit humming to the strains of sweet success.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANI STEWART

demands, challenges, insults and lies from both sides, the ILTF and WCT fought for control. Secret meetings were held. Myriad proposals were set forth, and assorted parties interested in "the good of the game" lent their talents. Enough international mystery and clandestine trips were involved to brighten the eyes of a Henry Kissinger or Nina van Pallandt.

Then, last month in London, envoys of the two warring factions finally reached an agreement whereby everyone could live happily ever after, or at least have a few rallies now and then.

Since "ever after" in tennis normally means until the next dollar bill changes hands, it is necessary to explore this agreement quickly before it is thrown out with yesterday's detergent mailers.

The understanding is known as "The Elcock Manifesto" after Walter Elcock of Brookline, Mass., vice-president of the USLTA, who brought the belligerents together. According to friends, Elcock "doesn't know an ace from his Adam's apple," but it was his job to keep both sides talking and listening to Donald Dell and Jack Kramer, the principal architects of the agreement. Nobody moves in tennis these days without a bow to Dell, an agent who has leverage on both sides due to his extraordinary player contacts and close friendships overseas, particularly with the French, who are very anti-Hunt Kramer, the former tennis star and promoter, also is anti-Hunt, but influential with the ILTF.

The plan proposes that:

All WCT events will be sanctioned by the ILTF and member national associations.

As WCT player contracts expire, the distinction between contract and independent pros will disappear. In other words, there will be only one type of playing professional—ending the confusion of recent years.

WCT will cease negotiating new player contracts. (Since the pro tour recently signed Cliff Richey to a four-year deal at $100,000 per, presumably Lamar Hunt's last stand at agentry will be owning a piece of the Cliff.)

All pros can compete in ILTF and WCT tournaments on the same terms for prize money and without contract guarantees.

All WCT events will be held in the first 4½ months of the calendar year, avoiding scheduling conflicts with ILTF tournaments, which will take up the rest of the year.

WCT will choose the best 64 players in the world. These will be divided into two separate but equal-in-talent groups of 32, which will participate in tours of 11 tournaments each. In addition four WCT "special events" will be held—for a total of 26 tournaments, of which 11 shall be outside the U.S.

Very simply, to borrow from Joe Garagiola, it was a trade that helped both sides. And—eureka!—the tennis public, too. The results are that the ILTF finally gets peace and makes friends with a man it is necessary to make friends with. The ILTF retains beloved Wimbledon for its very own and it keeps much of the year to promote tournaments.

Hunt, meanwhile, maintains control of the part of the tennis year he wanted—the same part U.S. television wants. He rids himself of staggering overhead costs, which include contract guarantees so high they would make Vida Blue tremble and of airplane fares to everywhere but the Mekong Delta. He changes hats from talent scout and player broker to tournament promoter. And, of course, he absolutely *makes* professional tennis. Seriously now, let's hear it for Lamar Hunt.

"The WCT becomes more than this championship," Hunt said last week in Dallas. "I figured it would take five years to make pro tennis, but the war has been tough. Now we can finally stop fighting and get down to concentrating on promotion."

Since ratification of the agreement by the ILTF member nations would not come until July in Helsinki, it is probably too late for the WCT pros to play at Wimbledon this year. Hunt has scheduled something called the Holton Classic in St. Louis during Wimbledon week and the WCT players say they will be there. However, John Newcombe, whose contract soon expires, may play at Wimbledon. The players all *want* to play Wimbledon. Nevertheless at this point it is unlikely many of them will be there. Wimbledon, apparently, couldn't be less bothered. The tournament stands on its own, and advance ticket sales are the highest in the 95-year history of the event.

Forest Hills, on the other hand, undoubtedly will be pulled off the railroad tracks by the settlement just when the peril of that Pauline looked extreme. It is safe to say that the USLTA will make an impassioned plea at Helsinki for the peace treaty. Not only does Forest Hills need big names, Arthur Ashe has considered initiating a lawsuit against the tournament if he were prohibited from playing. (Restraint of trade and all that are against the law in the U.S.)

In addition, it is unlikely that the 1971 miracle from Fort Lauderdale, in the attractive form of Chris Evert, would have had the same effect on gate receipts this year. Now most of Hunt's pros who boycotted the event last summer should turn out for the U.S. championship, thus taking the weight of the tournament's success or failure off young Chris' tan shoulders.

Though not a part of this particular agreement, hope is once again stirring about the Davis Cup becoming an open event. There are many who favor the cup having a new qualifying format, big prize money and a two-week festival involving the final 16 nations; in short, a veritable Olympic Games of tennis.

"I'd love to play in the Davis Cup again," says Laver. "We grew up with it; it's in the blood. But Australia has so many fellows. By the time they work out a comfortable time schedule and get up some money I might not be able to make the team."

So what will tennis look like in 1973? Initially, there will be the WCT events featuring, for instance, Laver and Ilie Nastase and Jimmy Connors at one site, Rosewall and Stan Smith and Jan Kodes at another, with winners clashing in the finals. Then the best players will swat it out at the big four tournaments—the French, Italian, British and U.S. championships. There will be much money to play for—estimates range from three to four million dollars. And headaches for the big names.

"The settlement will allow me to pick and choose when and where I want to play," says Laver. "But if I play a month in Europe and then say that's enough for Europe, and go home, I'll be an awful villain in some places.

"If I've played my quota and some tournament asks, 'Well, what will it take to get you to come?' what should I ask for? It's an unfortunate situation and I don't really want to deal this way, but that's what will happen. I'll have to offend some people; so will all the other players."

Laver is of the opinion that Hunt

continued

United proudly presents the summer of '72.

Rafting the rugged Colorado.

Antiquing in Pennsylvania.

Body surfing in Hawaii.

Bicycling through the Smokies.

United Air Lines can best keep you in touch with this country.

Because the Friendly Skies cover more of it than any other airline.

From Hawaii to New York.

113 cities in all.

And we have more vacations, too.

All in the U.S.A. (Where your dollar is still worth a dollar.)

To find out more about our vacation offers, just send in the coupon for our 60-page vacation guide.

Then come discover this country you live in.

Share this land with us.

To: United Air Lines, Inc.
111 N. Canal Street—12th Floor
Chicago, Ill. 60606
Attn.: "Your Land."

I'm looking forward to a great summer. Please send me your 60-page vacation guide.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Your land is our land.
United Air Lines

Partners in Travel with Western International Hotels

Lillard 1972

Fact:

True is lowest in both tar and nicotine of the 20 leading brands.

Regular or Menthol

Think about it.

Doesn't it all add up to True?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular 12 mg "tar" 0.6 mg nicotine,
Menthol 13 mg "tar" 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Aug '71.

might have waited a bit but I [illegible] with H TE so that more issues could be fully ironed out. Like the other Hunt rivals he would like to know most of all who controls whom when their contracts expire. To that end the specter of a players association—here we go again—has arisen, an organization in which the players would rule themselves rather than be ruled by the national associations.

"For us to be under our own jurisdiction," says Ashe, "is so important you can't believe it."

Bob Briner, the executive vice president of the ABA's Dallas Chaparrals and a former WCT executive director, has been approached about heading the player group. As he watched the matches last week, he was already being kidded by a journalist about becoming the "Jimmy Hoffa of tennis."

Hunt says a collective from "has practical limitations in an individual sport but pro golfers have succeeded to a degree, and a few years ago they could not have agreed as a group on what day it was."

It seems inevitable that Hunt and these same tennis players who have labored for so long together against the H TE may one day be fighting each other over increased purses, retirement pensions and the like.

But the growth of the sport seems assured at last. Already, as did pro golf, it is attracting show biz. Alan King sponsored a tournament at Caesars Palace. Clint Eastwood and James Francisens are interested. Francisens, the guest of honor at Dallas last week, was without his Longstreet blind stumble and his slog, Pax, but an attraction nonetheless. Rod Steiger came to Dallas just to watch. Everybody knows that when celebs get hot on something, the money flows in.

Today all is laughter and joy in the WCT, and events surely must have called back the years for Lamar Hunt. Long ago he had to ride out of Dallas on a rail and take his football team to Kansas City to make it. His tennis tour went the other way—from a stockyards ghetto in K C—where the WCT first appeared in plaid tattersall shorts, to last week's marvelous finale in velveted Big D, from 387 attendance to $1 million total prize money. Pro tennis is still changing. Only the finalists remain the same. Their names are Rosewall and Laver. They will always be making the team. END

Want to improve your car?

Buy new tires and we think you should get a better car for your money. A truer feel of the road. Better, surer grip, on straightaway, turns, and stops. Perhaps a little less noise. And better looks.

Because every Dunlop tire we make comes out of a hand-engraved mold — we don't use duplicate cast molds — you get deep, sharply engraved tread rib and traction patterns that hold their edges deep into the rubber. That helps give you better feel and grip and control. And good looks, too. This is just one of the many extra details that sum up Dunlop quality. And you'll find it costs you no more. For radials, belts, four plies — all Dunlop quality — check your Dunlop dealer in the Yellow Pages. Dunlop, Buffalo, N. Y., Toronto, Ont.

DUNLOP

Dunlop it!

MUNICH, THE BAVARIAN CREAM

Of the Germen cities, it's the top, the piece Thomaa Menn termed 'Incendeacent'—but the aite of the 1972 Olympica offers more then mere froth end e promiae of fun et the Gemea

by MARK KRAM

Heavy rain blurs the soft beauty of the *Englische Garten* helow, and swells the swift streams that curl down from the Alps and wriggle through this city park. Herr Edelmann, wearing a long, satin robe, stands by the window, talking of how calming the garden is, how on most afternoons its myriad still lifes can exorcise the stresses of what economists have come to call the German miracle. How this garden never fails to make him think of Berlin past: of an Imperial Berlin he never knew but envisions as having been filled with lean and monocled Prussian faces, high-stepping horses, the Tiergarten full of roses and fair, blonde, leaping little girls; of a Berlin of the '30s that he remembers as heing the gayest and most kinetic city in Europe.

Ah, he sighs, a city for the gods—until Röhm's troopers began marching, began to extinguish its spirit. Edelmann then suggests that it is a day fit for Wagner: "What day in Germany isn't fit for him," he adds. The music fills the apartment, and one's eyes move through the living room that groans with antiquity: first editions, an 18th-century Dutch primitive, a 13th-century Gothic stahle lantern, a small clock made just before the French Revolution, all of it the harvest of a lifetime spent passionately stalking civilization. Now the pursuit, says Edelmann, seems to have slowed down for him, and much of what he loved in the world seems gone. The cities that once moved him lie in dolorous ruin, and the Philistines are amuck. "I gather comfort," he says, "from the fact that I live here in Munich. The greatest city in Germany. It is all that old Berlin ever was."

Certainly no other city in Germany more deserves the dubious prestige of the coming Olympics. Munich, a third of which was bombed nearly to dust in World War II, now stands as a celebration of the rebirth of a people, and its national prestige soars above all others. Though the word "parvenu" is often used hy some Prussians to describe Munich, what other city even threatens its position? Berlin is a political sentry and a shopwindow toward the East. Bonn is a town hall, a place where politicians try to talk to each other. Frankfurt's soul has been destroyed hy heavy occupation, the sinister frontier mentality in Cologne is abrasive, and Stuttgart has a German version of the Klondike atmosphere. As for Hamhurg, always evoking senatorial grandeur, it prefers to mind its own prosperous affairs and does not hold with public display.

So with a confluence of factors—geography, the influx of a colorful subculture and the Bavarian tendency toward tolerance—Munich has become the center, the secret capital of Germany. Or Paradise on the Isar. That is what Edelmann calls it, though he is not certain it will ever be the same after the barbaric intrusion of the Olympics. For the present, however, he will defend his turgid phrase, claiming that he is in good company by recalling the prose raptures of Thomas Wolfe on Munich and the

continued

MUNICH PRIDES ITSELF on its museums, theater and opera, but in this city of the arts, the beer halls and cabarets, *Fasching* and the *Oktoberfest* flourish, too

DRAWINGS BY BERNARD FUCHS

word Thomas Mann used to exalt the city—incandescent Adolf Hitler was as effusive. He wrote: "There was a love that possessed me for this city, more than any other town I knew, almost from the first moment I arrived. A *German* city!" Edelmann grimaces, falls silent, then agrees there is a macabre irony in the fact that Hitler, and the scenes of his rise to power, are the largest tourist magnet in Munich; *Hitler* a tourist attraction when the architecture of Munich alone has been, he says, "The kings' notebooks of travel!"

Yet, before all else, the name Munich is an emotive one, awakening images of chilling political abuse and infamous events like Neville Chamberlain's squalid pact for the surgery on Czechoslovakia. All of that past is here: the Führer's mountain aerie at nearby Berchtesgaden; the Hofbräuhaus beer cellar where Hitler used to speak and where the party claimed one of its first martyrs, a comrade who was hit in the head by a flying beer mug during a brawl with Communists; the Burgerbrau beer cellar, now festooned with Coca-Cola signs, where he started his *Putsch* that was aborted by rifle fire—enough to send Hitler in flight and Goering to safety behind a stone lion that is still there; and finally Dachau.

The people of Munich are not oblivious to what went on here, but the questions, the prosecution by their own young, the ceaseless flow of tourists to Dachau and all the other places, have left them empty behind a second skin. If pressed, they stubbornly try to refute the popular "notion," as they will term it, that Munich was the cradle of Nazism. They point out that Munich was the only place that threw Hitler into jail. They insist that Hitler gained his power in Prussian Berlin, that his electorate strength came from East Prussia, Pomerania and Schleswig-Holstein. Look at the speeches of Cardinal Faulhaber, the bravery of the students and their teacher—the "White Rose" resistance—that held out hope for German redemption.

But move out of the deep shade of history, suppress a feeling of wariness, and you will come upon a city worthy of world recognition. A city conceived and nurtured by a most unusual royal family, a city that in spite of the Bavarian character, with its earthy preferences and loud aversion to change, has a heady international flavor. It is more than a city where a mad king once lived, or a city that swims in beer and erupts each year into the animalism of the *Oktoberfest*, or a city of dirndls and the comic, florid faces of men wearing leather shorts. It is more than the city that some have come to look upon as a sort of erotic cornucopia in the Alps, canopied by a Mediterranean sky. It is a city that exists for people, one that promotes the novel idea that life can, indeed, be worth living in an urban area. If decay ever threatens,

THE RICHARDS: Strauss was born in Munich and Wagner took refuge there with Ludwig II.

and surely it will, Munich has the vigor to shake it from its tough old bones.

The third largest city in Germany (1,300,000) and slightly over 800 years old, Munich was founded in a manner expressive of the Bavarian personality. The Duke of Bavaria, Henry the Lion, was annoyed with the Bishops of Freising, whose greed was wrecking an ancient route for salt traders. The traders had to pay a heavy toll to cross the river bridge at Fohring—that is, until the duke decided to burn the bridge down and build a new one several miles south at a tiny village called Munichen. The duke's action is a typical Bavarian response to arguments of the blood, or nettlesome provocation; no diplomacy, pure clout. Anyway, the new bridge lured more traders than ever before and Munich was on its way, though not much really happened to the city until about 150 years ago when it was exposed to the vision and taste of Wittelsbach rule.

To say that the Wittelsbachs were peculiar is understatement, but to merely dismiss them all as hopelessly psychotic is injustice. Few rulers have left their mark so indelibly on a place as the Wittelsbachs did on Munich during the 19th century.

The first third of that century was dominated by Ludwig I, whose ambition was to bring the light and warmth and culture of Italy and Greece to Munich. He was a man of persistent will, a careful builder who was rigidly cautious with money; long after his abdication he remarked that he never had owned an easy chair or a dressing gown. However, that abdication was forced when the adventuress Lola Montez danced across the stage of Munich politics and into the heart of the aging king. His subjects were appalled, eventually rebelled, and Lola, toward the end, faced an angry mob in front of her house and pelted it with bonbons. Soon after, the king, who was thought to be crazy, stepped down, and his son Maximilian II was crowned.

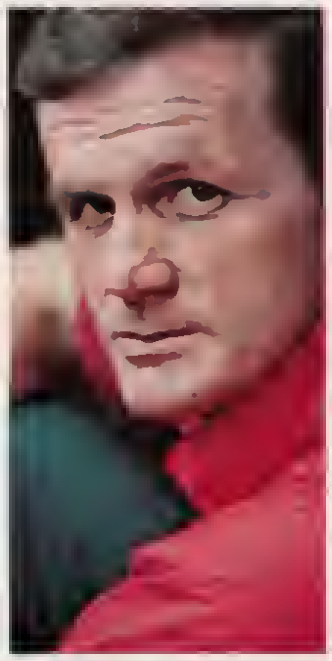
Ludwig left behind him a vastly changed Munich. Gone were its webs of tortuous streets and lanes. He had given the city air and light by creating broad, imposing streets and open spaces, dignified by stately buildings and monuments. Ludwig's son continued his work. Like his father, Maximilian was a builder and city planner. He shared his father's intense desire to improve the life of his people and move Bavaria into the first rank of German culture, but he lacked his father's pertinacity. He was a quiet, melancholy man, much influenced by the North, so much so that he married, of all the princesses available, a Prussian. After that, no one seemed to care too much for Max. But his contribution to life in Munich was not minimal. His main interest was science, and to satisfy it he once more turned to the North; Hamburg and Berlin were soon bereft of their scholars. He died prematurely, leaving the Bavarian throne to his son, 18-year-old Ludwig II.

The Fairy Tale King "He had the beauty of a tall woman" was not a problem right away, but he soon became one. His love for the sorcerer Richard Wagner and his music seemed to deprive Ludwig of his good sense. The people began to compare Wagner to Lola Montez, and Ludwig, who could never abide the yeast odor from the breweries

Continued

We expect you to say "prove it" when we tell you Ford Torino is the year's best mid-size value.

Okay. Proof:



Torino has an all-new body/frame construction for strength and quiet.

Torino is bigger inside this year.

Torino has a new improved rear suspension to reduce body sway and take the bite out of bumps.

Torino has new, better power steering, if you choose, that gives you the feel of the road and quick positive handling.

And Torino gives you front wheel disc brakes. Standard.

Torino's even built a little heavier and a little wider for a better ride and greater stability.

We call it the "Easy Handler."

Only Ford Motor Company has completely redesigned its mid-size cars for 1972... to make them better values for you.

Choose from 9 Torinos: This Gran Torino Sport model comes with hood scoops, wheel trim rings and V-8 standard.

Torino is quite possibly more car than you expected.

Find out at your local Ford Dealer's.

Gran Torino Sport

More car than you expected.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION

The sterling silver Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. Give it to someone who's economy-minded.

The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen sometimes overwhelms people who get it as a gift. It looks a good deal more expensive than the $12 it costs. People tend to say "But you *shouldn't* have."

So, calmly point out the economy features of this obviously extravagant pen.

Tell the person who gets it that he'll never have to buy another ball pen ever. Because we guarantee this one against defects for the owner's lifetime, or we'll repair or replace it—free.

Tell him that the 75 Classic writes better months longer than the ordinary ballpoint—three times longer—and then refills with a cartridge for months more writing.

Most important, ask him what price he puts on exasperation. In this area, the 75 Classic costs nothing. It starts writing instantly, and puts down a crisp track at less than four ounces of pressure. That's because the ball in the tip is microscopically textured to glide effortlessly.

What price does he put on pleasure? Here's where this pen really delivers. That slim, solid sterling silver case isn't just for show. It gives the pen the proper heft and balance in the hand. He'll write comfortably with it for hours.

After you've convinced him what an economical gift you've given him, why not go back to the store and buy another for yourself? After all, you're economy-minded too.

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The sterling silver Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $12. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $24. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give from the $3.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

anyway, spent most of his time away from Munich. Then Wagner married, and the King was never the same again. He took to building one private dream castle after another, and he became fond of going up to the new rooftop of his Residenz in Munich to a brilliantly lit pool. There, dressed as Lohengrin and standing up in a boat made in the form of a swan, he would float about to the strains of a full orchestra. Eventually, Ludwig's extravagance nearly busted Bavaria. The people were told that he was insane and, accompanied by a doctor, he was sent to Lake Starnberg. One evening they found the drowned bodies of Ludwig and the doctor; there were finger marks around the doctor's neck and a bruise from a blow over his eye.

As does the influence of Pericles on Athens and that of Lorenzo de Medici on Florence, the effect of the Wittelsbach kings on life in Munich persists. Their buildings, their wide, graceful streets, each designed by a single architect, make the city one of the beauties of Europe. Their patronage created an atmosphere in which the arts breathe freely, and imbued the people with a pride in them. Even now when you ask them about Munich's cultural impact in the last 25 years, they are direct and immodest; it is as if they were talking about a pennant race. They will reply: London is steady, Paris has declined, Rome's cultural insignificance is notorious, New York has cracked up, Tokyo offers only gigantism and even San Francisco—a city they think somewhat similar to Munich—is on the wane. No city, they conclude, has advanced as much as theirs.

Without question, culture floods the streets of Munich. It has one of the most beautiful and best opera houses in the world. The legitimate stage is impressive. Theaters are all over the place, ranging from boulevard houses to marionette shows and literary cabarets, a German specialty. There are three symphonic orchestras plus the renowned Bach orchestra and choir, and public museums are in abundance, the best being the Alte Pinakothek, with a varied selection of old masters, and the Bayerische Nationalmuseum, with its complete collection of arts and crafts. The average Munchner seems to wear all of these cultural medals across his breast, which after a while becomes tiresome. It is a harmless self-indulgence, not unique in Europe, where people seem to try always to picture-frame their cultural sensitivity, but the habit often makes Americans feel as though they have just stepped out of a first-rate restaurant where they have eaten their peas with a knife.

After a few hours of this cultural overkill, one yearns for escape, a healthy slug of pleasure, and it can be found easily in the eclectic nightlife of Munich, beginning with the restaurants that encompass nearly every cuisine in the world. Four of the best: Humplmayr, for elegance; Käfer, maybe the greatest delicatessen anywhere; the Maximilian Stuben, for its international range of excellence, and the Osteria Italiana, notable for its fresh vegetables and the quality of its salad and spinach, a place where the vegetarian Hitler used to entertain. "He loved spinach," says an old hand there. There is also the Hofbräuhaus, an exhausting joint where the rabble is at play amid awful and relentless march music, and thick beer runs over the tables. Here drinking is done by the numbers, feet are stamped, and the humor is gross. "What are they laughing about over there?" a stranger may ask, and learn that the wheezing and chuckling have been occasioned by one of the crowd's boasts of his girth and his wonderful beer belly.

Beer and Bavarian food, it is a combination that lends credibility to those joke postcards showing overripe Bavarians trying to squeeze into giant beer mugs. There is something serious about a Bavarian meal, one approaches it—as the people there tend to do—with grimness. The food itself seems to lack gaiety. It comes in massive portions and its deadweight quality does not provoke gluhness or a lightsome air, but rather an urge to plunge into the murky depths of German philosophy. A main dish is the pig, served in its own gravy, with potato dumplings, accompanied by a limp salad of cut lettuce, soggy tomatoes and highly salted white radishes. Close to this in favor are the town's famed sausages, the most ubiquitous being Weisswurst, a creation of veal flecked with parsley that is sold hot and eaten by shoppers with their fingers. That Munich women are a sleek, high-fashion contradiction to those depicted by Rubens is the second German miracle.

The first, German prosperity, seems to use Munich as its showcase. Before the war, the city was primarily the administrative center of a rich rural hinterland and a junction of trade routes intersecting the continent. After the war, a diversity of businesses, looking for safety under the umbrella of American occupation, moved to Munich, and the result is that a glossy affluence now heavs-

continued

AMONG THE BEST WÜRSTE is Weisswurst—for which forks are considered fancy and fingers fine

ily overlies the city. For all the German's reputed affection for bank accounts, money seems to move briskly in this town, and you cannot miss the shimmer of prosperity. It is everywhere. In the windows sparkling with diamonds and emeralds and the latest in fashion. In the department stores, which are big and ambitiously stocked. In the rows of Ferraris and Maseratis outside discotheques and restaurants. In the calm look of the waiter at Käfer who has just added up a $100 luncheon tab for two. It is also visible in the high price of prostitutes and the growing incidence of bank robberies.

Other than the bank jobs and a lucrative traffic in drugs, crime is not too visible in Munich, for instance, plain old homicide is not much in evidence. It is dope that is the main concern in Munich, and the traffic grows with the inflow of students from all over Europe. The problem is concentrated in Schwabing, a longtime bohemian quarter where Lenin used to live. It is an encampment for anyone, girls of every ethnic origin looking for modeling careers and lounging in the chic Citta 2000, dropouts and AWOL American soldiers; professional opium smugglers from Turkey, knife-carrying procurers from the Vienna underworld and suave "aristocrats" peddling poor copies of one painter or another. The laborers, the thousands who form the subculture that has grown in Munich since the war, like to nest in Schwabing, too, seemingly just to be in the thick of it all.

This subculture, plus the students, adds intrigue and chaos to fringe politics in the town. The students crash into each other across the ideological lines of Mao, Marx, Lenin and Trotsky, and desperado political groups—always natural to Munich—lurk in the subculture. So much so, it seems, that for a long time Munich was known as the spy capital of the world. That is no longer true, one is told. The number of spies and the quality of the espionage have dropped, and more drugs are sold than information at the Europa Espresso. The only people industriously going at each other currently are the Croatians and the Serbs, the Arabs and the Jews. But, ah, once it was a sight to behold. The Ukrainian anti-Communists formed a state within a state in this district, until a Soviet agent bumped off its leader. A murderous gang of Yugoslavs plotted against Tito from here, and Bidault and other French terrorists found a haven in the town. None of this radicalism is evident in current Bavarian politics, which flourish contentedly in the mundane corruption of the machine.

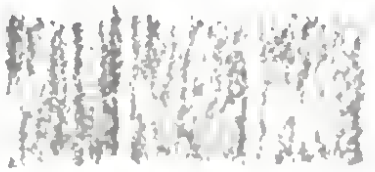
Eccentric behavior and madness, though, never seem to agitate the Bavarians, and Munich has always offered a hospitable climate for mystics, do-gooders, Utopians, dreamers and street-corner histrionics. Bavarians resist change, but don't mind anyone talking about it. They are a tolerant people—a dangerous people, they think in the North, egocentric, emotional, tribal, too ready to listen to orators. Well, the Bavarians never did fancy old blood-and-iron Bismarck, and went along with him only reluctantly when he shaped the nation back in 1871. They preferred the security of their cozy kingdom, a way of life that many would like to see return. TO HELL WITH THE OLYMPICS, car stickers read, GIVE US BACK OUR KING! As for the Prussians in the North, Bavarians want no part of their severity, their intensity, their inability to see color in life. The Prussians, they say, live to work. "We work to live."

The Prussians are now more than just a verbal target. Moving steadily down to Munich, they have become intrusive over recent years and their attitudes have effected change. "This is not the city it once was," says Erika Schmidhauer. "Ten years ago it was more colorful, more original, easy to take." Erika was once the most famous waitress in Munich, known for her coarse insults and the way she could balance four foaming beer mugs in each hand. She was an exact copy of the waitress often shown on *Oktoberfest* postcards, those with shrewd blue eyes and mouths with heavy lipstick. She now works at a tobacco stand in the train station where she grouses over the general erosion of her Munich and the spectacle before her: the "Hashish Express," packed and smelly, coming in from Athens and Istanbul, the buyers and pushers waiting for it, the petty thieves and fences; the young girls fresh from the country, eager for the promises of Schwabing and those who lie in wait for them.

"If I look at my life in this city 10 years ago," she says, "I have to say things have changed for the worse. With all these newcomers streaming in, from the Prussians to the guest laborers, the city has lost its mood. Lost its friendly mood, some of the feeling of living in one big village. Here in town the traffic has become unbearable. The air is so bad that I get bronchitis for weeks at a time. The prices go up every day. Once you could have a good time at the *Oktoberfest* for five marks. Now you need 50 marks, and the people seem so much more aggressive than they used to be. There also used to be more laughter in the streets. When I used to meet people, they would think, because I was overweight, that I was a jolly woman. Now they are so serious. Now it has become impossible to empty a big mug of beer in one breath without your neighbors looking as if they want to call an ambulance. They used to smile. Well, us old Munchners are a minority now. I can see a day when this town will be like any other German city. Cold, hectic, no pleasure, out for whatever you have in your purse, and too busy surviving to care. I won't live to see it, and I won't mind that."

If Erika Schmidhauer embodies the popular conception of her city, Erna Hanfstängl endures as the representative of quite a different Munich. Now 86, she was once one of the true belles of the town, and artists often painted her, mainly choosing to depict her dancing, with her long blonde hair sweeping out upon a Nordic storm. She and her family were strong nationalists. Up until 1925, Hitler had been a frequent guest at her Sunday luncheons. She had been enamored of his Austrian hand-kissing, and her acceptance of him led to his progress in Munich society. After his *Putsch* failed, Hitler found refuge in Erna's house, an obligingness for which she was openly rebuked after the war.

Age has not diminished Erna's commanding appearance, a fact very much in evidence as she presides, at her Sunday salon, over one of the most Lucullan tables set in Bavaria. The salon is also notable for several old gentlemen often there, aged admirers, now either deaf or blind; Erna never married. She drives a red Opel coupe with racing stripes, is a patron to the young in the arts, some of whom live in her house, and generally relishes her role as a living museum piece. Lunch, though, no



lunner follows lengthy sermons on the virtues of the German nation.

"This city," she says, "wasn't and isn't like the nonsense peddled abroad to get the tourists to the Hofbrauhaus. I think of what my friend Richard Strauss once said. The real Munich developed not with, but against the peasant countryside. I wonder if all the vonne people who come to my house know how lucky they are. To be living in and continually exposed to, one spot on this earth where there is such a level throw of spirit!"

Neither Erika Schmidbauer nor Emil Hadrstingl would approve of Mathias Hoffmann, a nihilist and dealer in drugs who is weaned on the folksy cliches dear to Munich. As a boy, he dressed up for all of the celebrations of town: *Fasching*, the *Oktoberfest*, etc., but by now, always when he thinks of those times, he feels like an Mr. Hoffmann would add that Bavarians are comedians in a setting more unreal than a pfs cheese dream. "I hate Munich," he says in his apartment near the university where he lives under a false name. "Everyone is committed to love and cherish this playbut it is an artificial infatuation. All of it is based on a lie. Everybody here believes that the world ought to be like Mu

must to be a Swiss clock. But it isn't. I feel the Bavarian mentality finally produces. Beneath all the façade here, things are pretty bad. The housing alone is the most expensive in Germany. People have to spend a third of their income for crummy quarters. And that doesn't include the three to six Turks and Yugoslavs who are often stuffed into one room. The greedy landlords are making a point it that is higher than the luxury hotels. Just wait. After the euphoria of the Olympics the economy is going to be in trouble. Then just look and see if you can find all that beer hall happiness around here. Further, air pollution, creeping greed, everything but Munich's capricious weather found room in Hoffmann's diatribe.

Those who *do* complain about the weather usually focus on what are known as foehn days, which occur forebly 60 times a year. The foehn days are periods of high winds, an eerie texture of light and skies filled with shifty cyclonic clouds. On such days the Alps, which are 80 miles away, seem right on the edge of town. Like the Santa Ana wind in Los Angeles, the mistral in Southern France and the sirocco in Venice, the foehn seems to deflate people. Pulses quicken, anxieties rise, sufferers complain of fatigue, mental and persistent headache. Husbands are apt to slay their wives, mistresses their lovers, and beer steins tend to fall on skulls when this mean wind blows.

So Munich is not all zither music and all *Gemütlichkeit*, the good life for which it is renowned, but it does much more than merely continue to exist as so many cities in the world seem to do. The city's *dicke Luft* may be coarse and delicate. It is like two scents that suddenly succeeded each other: there one could examine a little girl with long blonde hair dreamily playing a flute near the window in a small, dim music shop, and there the corner turned, there rose the Byzantine skeleton of a spike helmet, reflected on a brass, a shadow thrown upon the pallid light of the wall by a statue. Each clicks of the shutter, and they were gone. How reflective of Munich one thought. But the town now seeks to mirror the best part of the German genius, forcing one to ignore the perverse side of that genius to think of and remember only say the celestial mathematics of Bach. END

THE GREATEST COMPUTER STORY EVER TOLD

A moving story that brings people and cars together faster than ever before.

Avis would like to introduce you to the most advanced computer system in the travel business. It's called The Wizard℠ of Avis.

It was developed to help get you into (and out of) one of our sparkling new Plymouths or other fine cars faster and easier than ever before.

The Wizard was born seven years ago. The brainchild of our rental experts and our computer experts. It took all this time to perfect because we didn't want a computer that just handled reservations. That wouldn't be trying harder. We wanted a computer system that would do this and much more. Now it's here.

Computerized reservations now being accepted.

The Wizard system begins where airline computers leave off. It handles reservations nationwide. It remembers all the information you give it when you make your reservation. And it will remember where every Avis car is, has been, and will be. Then it will automatically locate the type of car you want and have it waiting for you wherever and whenever you want it. And The Wizard will do all this and confirm your reservation before you get off the phone.

Coming soon to the Avis counter near you.

The Wizard system is being hooked up to Avis counters across the U.S., city by city. And shortly it will be typing our rental agreements automatically and even helping our people see to it that you get the lowest rate applicable.

Another "We Try Harder" production.

And while The Wizard of Avis is helping us try harder, the Avis Red Box℠ (our electronic car inspection system) will be providing safety and convenience checks for our cars.

And still another production from the "We Try Harder" people.

The Avis Hot Line will be providing you with someone human to speak to 24 hours a day, if you get lost or need help on the road. The toll-free number is 800-231-6000. (In Texas call 800-392-3966.)

You see, at Avis, we never forget that human beings got us where we are today. And being human is going to get us where we're going.

Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.

℠ WIZARD AND RED BOX ARE SERVICE MARKS OF AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. ©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

Meet the Murrays of Miami, a mighty mélange: Mom, Pop, 10 kids, plus two Saint Bernards and—you might ssy—s Mexicsn hairy. Sports is their gsme but living is their srt

by DAN LEVIN

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

It's a team with everything, the Miami Murrays: superb management, skilled veterans, promising youngsters and the morale of a cloudful of angels. Of course, it helps that all 10 players come from the same background, which is not surprising, seeing that they are brothers and sisters. And that the front-office staff is small—two, in fact, and married to each other.

Listen to Mrs. Betty Ann Murray. "People sometimes think children from large families are neglected, so I always wanted to be sure there was no doubt about ours." Certainly no one has ever expressed any. "When Tim was six [the oldest Murray son, now 21, plays on

[illegible] Columbus Unified basketball competition is the undersized fourth-[illegible] [illegible] I was so precious I could hardly walk, so I sat on a chair in the backyard practicing a ball to him for hours on [illegible] The other kids would eat him alive and throw it back to me." Later, shortly after Tim's community league basketball games, his mother yelled so at the referee that he asked if *she* could do a better job. When she said she could, he threw her the whistle and down she came from the stands. And when Tim's coach broke his foot, Mrs. Murray took the job and the team won nine straight games and the league championship.

But Betty Ann Murray was not your typical Little League parent or swimming mother. Sports simply kept kids out of trouble, she thought, and the only trouble hers ever caused was by those who wanted to beat them at games. By Tim's freshman year at Miami's Palmetto Senior High School, the name Murray was already a legend. His sister Mary Jo was there at Palmetto High; she was the best [illegible] at the school and the only one ever to hit a softball over its left field fence. By the time Tim was a junior, Mary Jo was four hours with classes at the University of South Florida, where she became Southeast Regional Ping-Pong champion, to accept an offer from the Converse Dots, who were one season away from a national title in women's slow pitch softball. Tim won three varsity letters—in football, baseball and basketball—something no Palmetto junior had ever done before.

"A strong, fierce competitive kid," says his former football coach, "but then look at his father."

Bill Murray, 50, keeps a tape measure in his dresser drawer and at bedtime he wraps it around his waist. Thirty-one inches or less and he eats the next day; but eat on not he is a three-times-a-week *handball* player, which in part reflects his desire to keep beating Tim and 18-year-old Howard, who will be going to West Point in July. Last season, as a freshman at the Florida Institute of Technology, Howard was the second-leading scorer on FIT's basketball team with a 14.6 point average.

The third son is 16-year-old Dan. Howard calls Dan "Ox." He did it once too often recently and wound up in a tree. Thrown there.

In 1968 Dan Murray won Florida's 12-year-old division in the Personna Grand Slam Baseball Contest. He has played park league [illegible] and one night in 1969 a [illegible] promoter came to the house offering to get Dan coaching as he had the makings of a pro. But Bill Murray said no and that was that.

"Dad's like invisible reins," says Catherine or Kit, at 25 the oldest of the Murray children. "Mother is the Bambowami one, the more outwardly affectionate. She was always at my high school swimming meets, embarrassing the daylights [illegible] with 'Coy, Kitty, you've got the prettiest strokes.' [illegible] compliment. My mother has a complete and pervasive loyalty to us." Mrs. Murray admits a bit sheepishly: "I go to a basketball game and see only one person play," she admits. "I don't think Dan is particularly good, but it's the way I am. My family is the most important thing in the world to me. We've made a [illegible] sacrifices—driving them here, picking them up there—and it wasn't always easy paying those entry fees, but it's been worth it. A person has to be good at something. He has to get prestige from his peer group."

The Murray family's peer group of 12. There's a gentle rivalry of second-to-last siblings and No. 6 is 15-year-old Liz. She has played league softball since the age of eight—until recently, not too well. Last year, however, she dieted till 35 pounds, her softball improved, and she began taking tennis lessons. Perhaps it was the specter of 14-year-old Meg Murray coming up behind. Meg, who two years ago was an all-star second baseman on the Khoury League softball team that won the Miami Inter-City Athletic Conference title. This may not make her an Olympic-class athlete, but that is not the point. The Murray sports machine is really a means to an end—the playing fields of Eton, as it were.

Consider 12-year-old Matt, or "Hoss." Matt keeps score at softball games. Though he has played [illegible] and has wrestled, he is considered the least athletic Murray. His father keeps after him, though. "Let's shoot some baskets," he'll say. Or, "How about a few laps around the track." But the suggestions are subtle. Matt has never become self-conscious about anything, neither his weight—he is pudgy—nor the fact that he is totally deaf in one ear. "Kids learn self-consciousness," sister Kit says. "It's a listener's disease. My parents never make excuses for Matt or treat him with any special consideration. Matt is just what he is, like any of us."

And then there are Terry and Tina, 11 and nine. Terry is a third baseman, and last year was the only fourth-grader on an eight-to-12 Khoury League all-star team. Tina (or Teeny), a catcher, is [illegible]

MURRAY MOB [illegible] from left: Howie 18, Terry 11, Mary Jo 23, Bill, Betty Ann, Liz 15, Matt 12, Tina 9, Dan 16, Kit 25 and Meg 14. Tim, 21, was unable to make it, and no dogs are allowed in the pool.

the youngest Murray. "Remember, Teeny for tiny," her mother says. Tina does not always hold her glove right, but that won't last. Mrs. Murray sat with her not long ago, watching Terry play, and when someone caught a line drive, Betty Ann said, "See how that girl held her glove. That's how you should do it."

Betty Ann had driven 15 miles to watch Terry and Tina play that night (since then she has become the team manager, Liz the coach), and though there was no more vocal parent in the stands, when she stopped cheering she looked tired. Her asthma was acting up and she used an inhalator frequently. She had left the house at six a.m. to do the week's shopping, at eight she was due to teach her seventh-grade math class, and now, 12 hours later, she was preoccupied. Her father was seriously ill, and she had spent the early evening with him. Bill was with him now, and as the game went on she thought about Meg, who was being confirmed that evening; she had sent Liz as a sponsor. Back at the house five chickens were broiling in the oven. Would Howard remember to baste them? And then, toward the end of the game, she leaned down and put her head close to Matt's. "Is that your good ear?" she asked, and when he nodded they made plans to pick strawberries together the next day, just the two of them.

Once Kit Murray told a friend, "My parents are professionals. I've always felt as if I were an only child." That is a theme that echoes through three generations.

Kit Murray's paternal grandfather was John F. Murray, a supervisor of recreation for the New York borough of Queens, an oarsman for the Ravenswood Boat Club in Long Island City and a now-and-then fight manager. In 1925 he had a fighter named Paul Berlenbach, but John F. also had four children he liked seeing occasionally, so he turned his fighter over to someone else. A few months later Berlenbach became light heavyweight champion of the world.

One of John F.'s playground supervisors was a former Ziegfeld Follies dancer named Josephine Waters. Her husband was Howard Waters, an auto dealer, a member of the New York Athletic Club and a halfback for a semi-pro football team. Josephine was a 1922 graduate of the Savage School of Physical Education. When her daughter Betty Ann was three she began taking her to the Women's Swimming Association pool, and at five she was "a crackerjack swimmer," or so Mrs. Murray claims today. "When you think of it," she says, "it was an odd thing to be doing in the middle of New York in those days." Betty Ann also took an early liking to basketball, but not to the opposite sex, especially her mother's boss' son Bill, "a scrounge little boy," she recalls, "with knickers hanging around his ankles and socks down over his shoes. He was always playing out in the streets—stickball, roller hockey, football, who knows what else."

But the Murrays and the Waterses had plans. "I was only nine and Bill was 12," Betty Ann says, "but our parents decided we were going to get married someday. Maybe they wanted a sports dynasty."

That was in 1933. Bill graduated from high school in 1939, joined the Army and was sent to Wheeler Field, 10 miles from Pearl Harbor. Betty Ann was 15, a high-scoring freshman basketball player. She still carries a fading picture of Bill in uniform, smiling and handsome, standing in a barracks doorway. The date written on the back is Dec. 6, 1941. At 7:45 the next morning an explosion knocked him out of bed.

While in the service, Bill boxed and played handball. In 1940 he won the handball championship of Schofield Barracks; a year later he was middleweight boxing champion of his regiment. And in September of 1942 he was back in New York on leave, awaiting a new assignment. The Murrays and Waterses arranged a two-family picnic at Cunningham Park in Queens; the two fathers had decided it was time for Bill and Betty Ann to get another look at each other. Betty Ann and her brother Frank challenged Bill and his brother Joe to a basketball game. There is disagreement as to which side won, but in the long run maybe they both did. "He may not have realized it," Betty Ann says, "but I purposely threw myself all over him." Bill must have realized something because at the end of the game he invited her on their first date. Betty Ann was a sophomore at Queens College by then, an education major and the star of the basketball team. "I could sink three of five from half court," she tells her children now, and it always cracks them up. "Well, maybe the girls' courts were shorter," she adds. It was not until just before they were married, three years later, that Bill saw Betty Ann play. "I think he was embarrassed," she recalls, "because he left in the middle. I was a rough toughy. I just kicked the other girls out of the way."

After 40 Pacific bombing missions, and after the Air Force had put him through Hofstra, where he earned his master's degree, Bill Murray was ordered to Germany. It was 1952. There were three Murray children by then—Mary Jo, Kit and the infant Tim. Bill told Betty Ann to sell their house and promised to send for the family when he found a place for them to live. Betty Ann sold the house almost immediately and flew to Germany with the kids. Kit was only five at the time, but the move left a strong impression. "I have never to this day seen my mother afraid," she says, "or not know how to handle any situation. She makes up her mind in an instant and what she does is always right." Every day, for six months, 5-year-old Kit rode 45 minutes to school on a trolley. "Mother may have had fears," she says, "but I never knew about them. I never even had the idea of fear, or that anything bad could happen."

Between flights to Italy, Greece and Africa, Bill Murray was athletic officer of the 86th Air Transport Squadron at Frankfurt. In 1953 he coached the squadron basketball team to the European championship. And for three straight years he was base handball champion.

By 1954 there were four Murray children growing up in Germany: Kit, Mary Jo, Tim, and a sick baby, Howard. He was four days old when the doctors diagnosed his problem as pyloric stenosis, a narrowing of the valve leading from the stomach. It's a family joke now, but it was serious then. Howard couldn't keep any food down. They called it projectile vomiting.

"What actually caused it?" Bill asked Betty Ann recently.

"Nervousness," she said.

"At four days?"

No doctor ever did explain what caused it, but "nervousness" or temperament or some such thing should not be discounted. Even today Howard seems the most volatile Murray, the most competitive, perhaps the most tireless.

continued

Seagram's V.O.
For people who make every moment count.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Very right. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's VO Canadian

Luxurious Caprice.

There was a time when an automobile like this was beyond the reach of most families.

A motorcar with exceptionally beautiful upholstery. Sofa-like seats with foam cushioning. Plush carpeting, and other touches of elegance.

Well equipped.

With all the modern conveniences that make driving easy and pleasant. Like power front disc brakes. Variable-ratio power steering. A Turbo Hydra-matic transmission. Features you expect on a luxury car.

If you, like most Caprice owners, choose a car like this for traveling over big slices of America, the rewards in highway comfort are considerable.

Quiet.

Caprice has a flow-through power ventilation system, enabling you to bring in outside air without having to open a window to outside noise. And

Caprice Coupe at the old city gates in the oldest city in America, St. Augustine, Florida.

Chevrolet. Building a better

A new kind of family car.

a double steel roof that's not only strong, but quiet, because it has an acoustical inner lining.

Rides beautifully.

We think Caprice rides about as smoothly and serenely as any car. For on top of our superb Full Coil suspension we've added a considerable amount of extra Caprice insulation. In the roof, between the back seat and the trunk, under the floor, under the hood.

You certainly can be justly proud of the appearance of Caprice. Which can also be a comfort. For when your travels take you to elegant places, like St. Augustine, you'll be surrounded by some elegant cars.

Extraordinary cars.

Luxurious cars. Cars that anybody would be proud to own.

Cars like Caprice.

Chevrolet

There's so much to see, make sure you're around to see it. Buckle up.

way to see the U.S.A.

(Too little flash.)

(Focused Flash.)

One of Polaroid's Focused Flash 400s made this difference. You can forget burnouts. You can forget blackouts. For shots as close as 3½ feet, a set of louvers closes down over the flashcube for beautiful exposures. For group shots as far as 10 feet away, they open wide to let out all the light from the Hi-Power flashcube. (Just shoot normally. It's automatic as you focus.) There are four models in our 400 Land camera line and prices start at under $60 without Focused Flash, under $70 with. Spend the extra $10 and see the light.

Polaroid's Focused Flash 400s.

POLAROID®

And his mother says she once read studs that proved a significant percentage of children who had pyloric stenosis became superior athletes.

By 1960 Bill Murray was 38, an Air Force recruitment officer in Florida and a 20-year man, so he took his pension, settled his wife and 10 children in Miami and began teaching math at Palmetto Junior High. Betty Ann had been teaching part time since 1956 and with three pay checks they just about got by. The kids started in on the playgrounds and the monthly food bill never dropped below $500 again—even now with four of the original big eaters away from home. Howard is at FIT and Mary Jo, 22, is a phys ed teacher at Tampa's Hillsborough High School. Tim is married, the father of a three-week-old son, and on full scholarship at Columbia. Kit, who recently joined the Air Force, is a second lieutenant in Mississippi. But now there are two 150-pound Saint Bernards to feed—Brandy and Harvey—and Tiger, who weighs 1½ pounds and looks like a mouse gone to seed. Tiger is a Chihuahua covered with hair—a Mexican hairy. He is no sport, but he, too, seems a vital part of the Murray scene.

Everything and, of course, everyone is a vital part of that scene, or team. They all fit together snugly, like the government of a tiny town. Everyone seems to have a function; the cooperation and loyalty among all members is profound, but so, too, almost paradoxically, is their independence. Howard, for example, had a paper route when he was only seven. No one told him to; he just liked earning his own money. His mother recalls: "I can remember people asking Howie, 'Whose boy are you?' and he'd tell them, 'I'm my own boy.'"

This attitude carried onto the baseball diamond. At eight Howie played in a Khoury League all-star game. "There were two out in the 14th inning," he said the other day. "I was on third and we were one run behind. I tried to steal home, got thrown out and that was the game. But it was my own idea. I'd already stolen home in the ninth inning to put the game into extra innings."

Later, Howie threw himself into a family crisis. Tim was completing his three-letter year at Palmetto, but in May he was declared ineligible to compete in his senior year. What had happened was that he had won a ninth-grade scholarship at a school 15 miles from home, but transportation problems developed. So the next year he transferred to Palmetto Junior High, took all new courses and repeated the ninth grade. He did not play varsity sports in either ninth grade—only intramurals were available—but according to Florida law he had used up his four years of eligibility. It seemed unfair. The Murray machine went into action. Howie was only a ninth-grader at Palmetto Junior High, but he showed up at Palmetto Senior baseball practice and demanded a place on the team. "My eligibility starts now," he told the coaches. "So why not?"

No one really explained why not, but Howie got nowhere. Then his mother went to work. She wrote letters to the secondary school athletic associations of all 50 states, looking for contradictory rules. In nine states, she found, eligibility begins in the 10th grade and what comes before does not count. She took the case to the lower courts in Miami. When that failed she went to the state courts, but it was no go.

"If we ever got in trouble mother always took our side," Kit says, "and this gave us an overwhelming sense of security. We were always right." On the very rare occasions when Tim or Howard skipped school, their mother would write a note saying they'd been sick, but when Bill found out he'd be angry. It did put him in a difficult position: three years ago he left teaching to become an assistant principal in charge of discipline at Miami's Coral City Junior High. "Mother has spunked up Dad's conservatism," Kit says, "but he's tempered her craziness."

In 1966 when Liz was nine, she entered her dad in a Father of the Year contest run by the *Miami Herald*. She won and the contest has not been repeated. The letter: "I nominate my Dad father of the year. He teaches junior high school and comes home to 10 kids of his own. He has had a Khoury League team for six years. I have never in my life heard him shout. He makes each one of us think that he loves that child best of all."

In October 1969 Mrs. Murray gave birth to a daughter, Angela. Kit was making dinner when her father came home from the hospital. "I could tell something was wrong," she says. "He told the little kids to go away. 'The baby is a mongoloid,' he told me. He seemed

continued

Unusual Offer

ends May 31st

Buy in May and save up to $48!

You can get up to $5000 worth of First National City Travelers Checks for a fee of only $2!

Sold at banks everywhere!

See how how much you can save

Amount of Travelers Checks	Usual fee	May fee	YOU SAVE
$ 300	$ 3 00	$2 00	$ 1 00
500	5 00	2 00	3 00
1 000	10 00	2 00	8 00
2 500	25 00	2 00	23 00
5 000	50 00	2 00	48 00

Wherever and whenever you travel . . . or if you keep money at home or at work . . . the best way to protect your money is to use First National City Travelers Checks.

If they're lost or stolen you can get an on-the-spot refund at over 32 000 refund points in America and round the world. That's thousands more refund points than any other travelers checks.

They're welcomed worldwide. Best time to buy them is during May. Offer good only in the U.S. & Puerto Rico—and ends May 31, 1972.

First National City Travelers Checks

Ask for them at your bank.

BARBARA HALE FOR AMANA:

"Make the greatest cooking discovery since fire."

MODEL RR-4

Amana Radarange MICROWAVE OVEN

Bakes a potato in 4 minutes, cooks a hot dog in 20 seconds and a 5-pound roast in 35 minutes.

Cooking with a Radarange is no different from what you're used to . . . only much faster . . . frozen food, leftovers or a fancy roast. Cooks most everything in about one fourth the time and it's so easy to use—just set the timer, push the start button. Operates anywhere there's ordinary household current.

Only the food gets hot, the oven stays cool. Cleanup is easy, too. You cook on paper, glass or china or cook directly on the exclusive broiler tray that's included . . . and clean the oven with a damp cloth.

Only Amana can make a Radarange. If it doesn't say Amana, it's not a Radarange microwave oven. There are now three models to choose from. See them all at your Amana dealer or write: Ann MacGregor, Dept. 184, Amana, Iowa 52203 for literature.

Radarange MICROWAVE OVEN made only by Amana.

Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship.

AMANA REFRIGERATOR, INC., AMANA, IOWA 52203, SUBSIDIARY OF RAYTHEON COMPANY

There is a Movement in this country.

A new movement among people who want to do something—personally—about the problems that face us.

It's called ACTION.

ACTION is Peace Corps. ACTION is VISTA. ACTION is Foster Grandparents. ACTION is the Service Corps of Retired Executives. All of these and more—committed to working together, face to face, where it really makes a difference.

ACTION is over 25,000 Americans: college students and retired people, men and women, black and white, of all incomes, ages and from all walks of life.

Find out how you can be part of ACTION. Write ACTION, Washington, D. C. 20525.

ACTION

People helping people help themselves

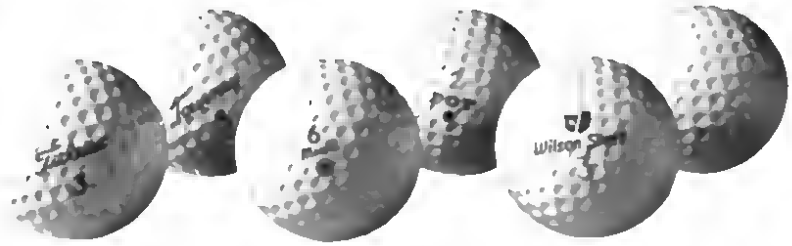
almost shell-shocked, but when I saw Mother three days later she was completely, utterly happy. She didn't want any pity, not for herself, or Dad, or the baby.

"Every baby my parents had was like the first. They'd show it off, play with it and talk to it, and Angela was no different. They realized how important it was to keep her active. We tried to keep her eyes open and get her grabbing for objects but she had trouble breathing. Mother went to doctor after doctor and they all told her it was hopeless, but finally she got a slightly different opinion: 'The baby needs heart surgery, but the operation will probably kill her.' Mother started asking questions. She read everything available on the subject, and then one morning she called Dr. Michael De Bakey in Houston. Next morning Mother took the baby, who was 7½ months old, and got on a plane to Houston. De Bakey operated at six a.m. the next day, but Angela died four hours later." (Another Murray child, Christopher, their first son, had died of nephrosis at the age of three.)

In March 1969, seven months before Angela was born, Betty Ann Murray volunteered to be vice-president of the Sunniland Park Khoury League, in charge of girls' softball. She had the time. She was not teaching during her pregnancy and, most important, it would give her one more excuse to watch four Murrays play ball—Tina, Terry, Meg and Liz. She kept the job for a year, recruiting high school girls to coach and mothers to manage: no one had ever thought of that before. For the first time in Sunniland Khoury League history both its age-group girls' teams won the Dade County championship.

After Angela was born her mother would wheel her down to the park in the baby carriage and play with her while she watched her other daughters on the field. Occasionally, well-meaning people would make remarks, or ask certain questions about the size of her family. She had heard these many times before, and more often in recent years as ideas about large families changed. Mrs. Murray usually smiled and said little, but sometimes she would say what she really feels: "I don't have to make excuses for the size of my family. Our kind of people are needed in this world. They take care of all you other guys." END

Every time a touring pro tees up a Titleist, he is, in effect, saying, "Here's the greatest golf ball you can play."



(The 1972 tour results to date)

TOURNAMENT	PRIZE MONEY	TITLEIST	MacGREGOR	DUNLOP	SPALDING	WILSON	OTHER
	$	$	$	$			$

Big gloves that hold big promise

Helped by two infielders that seem like a gift, the Tigers are roaring

It is axiomatic in baseball that winning teams must have strength up the middle—catcher, pitcher, second base, center field. The Detroit Tigers, who have been right at the top of the American League East since the start of the season, are middling strong in the middle, but their real strength is just a little off to one side, where Aurelio Rodriguez plays third base and Ed Brinkman plays shortstop. Rodriguez and Brinkman were transferred intact to Detroit from Washington a year ago in a trade for Denny McLain that rates among the most one-sided in baseball history. The Senators have left town, but Baltimore regrets the largess of its ex-neighbor. It could cost the Orioles a pennant.

Defensively there is only one short-third combination in the game that can be considered superior to Rodriguez-Brinkman—Baltimore's Brooks Robinson and Mark Belanger. But Robinson, at 35, is 11 years Rodriguez' senior, and already hot-corner scholars are calling the younger man the next third baseman of the century.

Rodriguez reacts to such loose talk with becoming modesty. "Brooks is really the best," he says. "I just do my job." Indeed he does. He has such remarkable range that even ordinary shortstops playing alongside him can be made to look like Marty Marion. Rodriguez admits that he shades to the left in the early innings to spare his shortstop the ordeal of chasing balls in the hole, then protects the line later in the game to guard against extra-base hits.

"With Aurelio, I can cheat more to second base and close off the infield," says Brinkman gratefully. And since he is no ordinary shortstop, hitting balls to the left side of the Detroit infield is a bit like driving golf balls into a net; they look fine taking off, but they don't go anywhere.

Brinkman is not from the belly-flop backhand-stab school of shortstopping. His manner on the field is so purposeful and direct, his approach to his job so businesslike, that he could as well be carrying a briefcase as a glove in his left hand. The quality that endears Brinkman to baseball managers is his near perfection. Last season he set a major league shortstop record by playing in 56 consecutive games without an error, and a Detroit team record with his fielding average of .980. Brinkman's, and Rodriguez', only failings last season were on offense, and past performances would suggest that both are capable of much better. Brinkman, who was .266 and .262 in 1969 and '70 for Ted Williams in Washington, hit only .228 for Billy Martin last year. Rodriguez, who batted in 83 runs for Washington in 1970, drove home only 39 in '71. Of his 15 home runs, 14 were hit with the bases empty, the other with only one man on.

This year both men seem to have regained their lost prowess with the bat. Rodriguez, who is potentially a fine hitter, has cut down on his home-run swing and is spraying line drives to all fields. Martin says he could be hitting 20 points higher than his near-.300 average, "if I didn't use him so often on the hit-and-run." Rodriguez is particularly useful with this tactic because he has become so adept at hitting the ball to right field.

Both Martin and Rodriguez credit Aurelio's resurgence at bat to the coaching he has received from the veteran second baseman, Tony Taylor, a Cuban who can speak to him in his own language. Although his English is improving nicely, Rodriguez' most effective form of communication remains the smile. The bilingual Taylor is also a keen student of baseball and he has been able to convince his pupil that the home run is not the only hit for which a player is paid. Even with a reduced swing, Rodriguez should get his percentage of long hits, for he is a muscular 180-pounder with strong wrists and hands.

"See how the ball just jumps off his bat," said Brinkman one day last week,

ED BRINKMAN SCOOPS UP A GROUNDER UNESTHETICALLY BUT EFFICIENTLY, WHILE AURELIO RODRIGUEZ LEAVES A BOUNCER NO ESCAPE

Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Royce Stephens, line mechanic.

He studied over 100 complex subjects. Took oral, written and practical exams for 4 years. And passed them all to get his FAA Aircraft and Power Plant licenses. Has over 14 years with Delta, knows jets inside and out. He's got a good mind. To go with a good pair of hands.

Delta is ready when you are.

DELTA

Delta
cabin built
private penthouse

watching his colleague from behind the batting cage. "Listen to the sound he makes—whack! With me, all you hear is a thwick."

Brinkman is also a student of hitting, although not always an apt one. He has great admiration for the "big thumpers" on his team—Norm Cash, Bill Freehan, Willie Horton, Al Kaline. "There's Cash," he says. "See how easily he swings, but he is handstrong. And Freehan. Why, he's an animal. Has to be, playing behind the plate every day."

Cash and Freehan are both hitting well over .300, but Brinkman, a slender 170-pound choke hitter, isn't all that far behind them. This may be one of his "on years." Brinkman has a most curious history as a hitter. In the two years before he blossomed under Williams, he hit .187 and .188. But even these seasons were an improvement over 1965 when, in 154 games, he was .185. Those years are testimony to his fielding skills.

"It was just ridiculous," says Brinkman. "I'll tell you, hitting .180 is no fun. I know I'm a better hitter than that."

He gives full credit to Ted Williams for his transformation from the worst-hitting shortstop in '67 and '68 to one of the best in '69 and '70. "He changed my whole approach to hitting. I had always been a lunge hitter. Ted taught me to wait. He taught me to hit more on the top of the ball, to hit more ground balls. With a grounder you've always got a chance. With a fly ball, which is what I was hitting, you don't have any." Brinkman was understandably surprised to learn that after his two most productive seasons at Washington, he was being traded to Detroit with Rodriguez and Pitcher Joe Coleman for McLain.

"Actually, I was even more surprised that Aurelio was included in the deal," he says. "He was just coming off a fantastic year and he was only something like 22." The trade requires no further analysis beyond the observation that Rodriguez and Brinkman have stabilized the Tiger infield, that Coleman, only 25, won 20 games last year and that McLain is in Oakland after a 10-22 record last season at Washington.

Without Brinkman, Rodriguez and Coleman, Manager Martin could not contend, as he vigorously does, that his long and mostly futile pursuit of the Orioles will end this year. "I said in spring training this would be our year," Martin said on the eve of this week's Baltimore series. "We are much stronger now. We've got a better bullpen. We're healthier. Last year the Orioles got out front while we were hurting. We actually played better ball than they did in the second half of the season, but we couldn't catch them."

Then Martin had two dependable starting pitchers in Mickey Lolich and Coleman and a reliable reliever in Fred Scherman. This year he has benefited from some outstanding performances by Tom Timmerman, a reliever turned starter. And he hopes to get more work from Les Cain, a strong lefthander who was troubled by a sore shoulder for most of last year.

What persistently irritates Martin is the criticism that his team is too old to win the pennant. "Our overall age is 29," he says. "That's not old, that's the prime of a ballplayer's life. When you're talking about old on our club, you're talking about two guys—Cash and Kaline [both 37]. And you should be so lucky to have old men like those two."

Martin's treatment of his senior citizens is a model of tactical skill. Cash is benched only on days when he is confronted with particularly troublesome lefthanders. Kaline sits down when he is weary. At second base Martin platoons the 32-year-old left-hand-hitting Dick McAuliffe with the 36-year-old right-hand-hitting Taylor. The left side of his infield he leaves absolutely alone. He should.

THE WEEK

by DON DELLIQUANTI

NL EAST While NEW YORK (*page 16*) increased its divisional lead and drawing power, CHICAGO, after an awful April, was enjoying May's days, too. The Cubs won four straight (nine of their last 11) as Pitchers Ferguson Jenkins, Bill Hands and Milt Pappas got tough. Cincinnati stole six bases on Pappas but he won anyway, 4-2. "I just didn't pay attention to the runners," he said. "I was too intent on the hitters." The Cubs reached .500 in the standings in a series with their "cousins," the Braves, whom they have outscored 34-2 this season. PHILADELPHIA beat San Francisco 8-3 and rose to first place for the first time in eight years, a height they maintained for an hour and five minutes before the Mets beat San Diego. Subsequently the Dodgers became the first club to win a 1972 series from the Phillies.

Labor unrest in Quebec shut down hospitals, schools, newspapers and even bridges, and MONTREAL seemed troubled, too. First the Expos lost 5-2 to the Dodgers. Then the Giants won two of three and San Diego took two more. Ken Singleton and Bob Bailey, two of the team's better hitters, were slumping badly. Jim Fairey continued to connect as a pinch hitter. He has five hits and as many RBIs in 10 at bats. Since Lance Clemons of ST. LOUIS, a schoolteacher in the off-season, was pitching, thousands of straight-A Cincinnati students coincidentally were admitted free to observe him. School was out for Clemons in the third inning as the Reds scored five runs. This did not prevent Joe Torre, student of swat, from extending his hitting streak to 11 games and raising his average to .372. PITTSBURGH, finally on the move, defeated Houston twice and won five of its six games. The Pirates exploded for five runs in the 12th inning of one game in the Astrodome.

NY 16-7 PHIL 14-10 MONT 12-11
CHI 11-11 PITT 11-11 ST L 10-14

NL WEST The Dodgers were loose. Standing in the aisle of the LOS ANGELES bus on the way from Philadelphia Airport to the team's hotel, Frank Robinson called over to Manager Walter Alston. "Hey, Skip," he said, "we're shaking up this club. You and me, Skip, you and me." Robinson told Pitcher Claude Osteen that the Dodgers would have to be sharp to beat the fine Phillie lefthander, Steve Carlton. Dull would have been O.K. Carlton fielded Osteen's sacrifice bunt in the third inning and threw past the first baseman's head. Then Osteen and Bobby Valentine scored when Rightfielder Mike Anderson threw the ball into the Dodger dugout. A two-out single by Osteen himself in the fourth accounted for the last LA run in an easy 3-1 victory as the Dodgers went 1½ games ahead of HOUSTON. Slumping after a beautiful start, the Astros lost eight of 12 games. "We have just stopped hitting," said Manager Harry Walker. One reason was the loss of Lee May with a pulled hamstring muscle. But Shortstop Roger Metzger was healthy. He hit his first major league home run off Bob Gibson in St. Louis to add to the indignities Gibson has suffered this spring. After rapping out nine home runs and 21 RBIs in SAN DIEGO's first 25 games, newly svelte Nate Colbert gave the credit to another weight watcher, the Cardinals' Joe Torre. Colbert lost 24 pounds between seasons and now weighs 214. "I noticed last year that Torre could handle the good inside fastball, something he could never do before," Colbert says. "This season I'm a lot quicker myself."

LA 16 10 HOUS 13 10 SD 12 13
CIN 10 13 ATL 8 15 SF 8 18

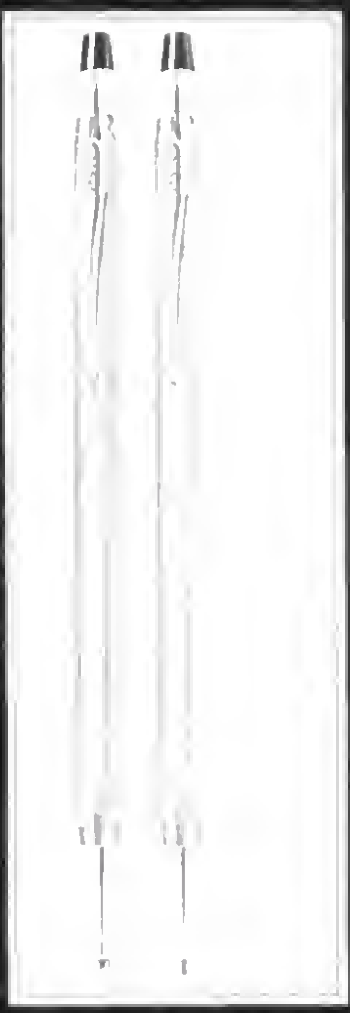
AL EAST

DET 12 7 CLEV 13-8 BALT 11 10
BOST 9 11 NY 8 13 MIL 6 13

AL WEST

MINN 15-5 OAK 12 7 CHI 12 9
TEX 10 12 CAL 8 14 KC 8 14

Dependability
is not just a word
with us...



it's a way of life.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846
Fine Writing Instruments

THE SWIFT ONES, [illegible] best mile relay team [illegible] Mel Bassett Robert Ouko, Jul[illegible] Larry Black

Clear the track when this four-cylinder foreign import cranks up to start. Records have a way of falling to North Carolina Central's . . .

Magical running machine

On a warm, languid morning in Durham, N.C. last week, a group of spectators silently gathered to watch Dr. Walker and His Imports, who are not a twist and shout musical group from the early '60s but the latest and hottest number on college track's jukebox. They are the North Carolina Central University mile-relay team.

The setting was improbable: a dilapidated track stadium on a small college campus. No isometric machines were in evidence and coaches did not swarm about the athletes, correcting flaws in technique. In fact, relay batons were at a premium this day. The track was faded and pocked from its fight with nature over the ownership of the land. Broken hurdles were littered about and sand from a jumping pit spilled haphazardly over its boundaries. In the infield the grass stood shimmering in a luxurious bouffant. There a solitary figure was replaying past glories. "Trying to keep in shape," explained the thick-legged man, a former Central football player.

Here among the rusting goalposts and bales of hay stacked for archery practice were four superb athletes preparing for an assault on a formidable track barrier—the sub-three-minute mile relay. Only two weeks before the group had run a 3,03.1 in the Penn Relays.

To assemble this four-cylinder racing machine in this secluded locale involved foreign diplomacy in the cases of Julius Sang and Robert Ouko, two world-class runners on loan from Nairobi, Kenya, and shrewd cajolery when it came to Larry Black of Miami and Melvin Bassett of Chicago. Dr. LeRoy T. Walker, in his 25th year of coaching at North Carolina Central, was and is the thermostat for the four, cooling down edgy tempers at times and when necessary heating up tepid ambitions. Every member of the team has come close to quitting at least once, and only the magnetism of Dr. Walker has held them in place.

"Doc's full of surprises," says Black, the relay team's anchor man. A junior, Black ran a 43.8 on his leg at the Penn Relays, the fastest anyone ever has gone over that distance. "He always has something up his sleeve that we don't know about. We think that we've taken in everything he's been able to teach us but every week he has something new. Like when I ran a 44.1 split in the Florida Relays this year, I was scared. I thought that I had reached my peak early. I went to him. He said not to worry about it because this was an Olympic year and he was gearing us for three peaks: an indoors peak, an outdoors peak and an Olympic peak. I believe in him."

The Olympics are part of the reason the Kenyans are on the team, and Sang and Ouko definitely are part of the reason the team is so good, good enough, in fact, that some members fondly believe Central actually can win the NCAA championships this year even though Dr. Walker has only six men who might score points, all runners, to work with.

Sang is the more talented of the foreign pair, in part because Ouko started running only a few years ago and has not begun to reach his potential. Dr. Walker first saw them at the Olympic Games in Mexico City in 1968 when they were only high school students. He talked to them about coming to the land of cheeseburgers and artificial running tracks, but they stayed in Kenya, trained, and worked as guards in the prison system. Finally last summer they accepted the doctor's offer, assuming that they were coming to one of the United States' large universities.

"Compared to the other universities in the other states in this country, we don't have anything," says Sang in his lilting English. Only last year did North Carolina Central get a whirlpool machine for its athletes, and even now the track team does not have a trainer. Dr. Walker fills that role with help from his assistant, Ted Manly.

Although Sang and Ouko had little trouble adjusting to their new academic world, they were discouraged by the reception they got on a social level. The students on the predominantly black campus shunned the newcomers at first. "I think they are brought up with this discriminatory—is that what you call it? thing in their heads," says Sang. "Therefore, when they meet someone of another nationality, they just feel they're not part of them. But now it is different. Right now things seem to be

continued

Bobby and Me

How good it is

with Winston's finer flavor

Just how good is Winston Super King? It's America's largest-selling long cigarette. That's how good it is! Yes, Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should.

© 1972 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

SUPER KING 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine, SUPER KING MENTHOL 21mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '71

Why after 9 years, don't you have a choice of soft tasting whiskies?

In 1963 we introduced the American public to something new. A soft tasting whiskey.

They liked what they tasted. And now, some 200 million bottles later, they still like what they taste. And still nobody else has come close to duplicating the soft appeal of Calvert Extra.

They may be trying, of course. But that means spending years in doing experiments by the thousands. And that means spending dollars by the millions.

That's *their* problem. You don't have any problem. If you want to drink softly, you have only one choice. 86 proof Calvert Extra.

CALVERT EXTRA. THE SOFT WHISKEY.

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1972 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

...on the right path and helping [illegible]

Dr. Walker went to great lengths to get the Kenyans into his school and he did the same with Black and Bassett. Black was a noted high school runner and Dr. Walker brought him and the rest of his high school mile relay squad to enroll at North Carolina Central. Bassett was first contacted while a sophomore in high school, which much impressed him. "I thought anybody who would go to that much trouble had to be all right," he says.

Both Black and Bassett, however, have almost pushed the eject button several times. "Down here they think an athlete is just an athlete," says Black, which is his way of saying that athletes are expected to do things like attend class. They expect it, but an athlete doesn't expect it. The coach is the head of the P.E. department, so an athlete thinks if he gets in there he's got it made. But it isn't that way. If you want a grade you have to earn it.

Last year Bassett left school but a few days. *Different pressures started to* squeeze his mind, he said. And only last Thursday, with Dr. Walker away on a business trip, Bassett turned peevish and refused to practice with the relay team, which was getting ready for the International Freedom Games in Philadelphia on Sunday. "He gets this attitude and he takes it out on the whole group," says Black. "I'd like to put my boot in him sometimes."

"Here on campus people don't like us so much because track isn't a big thing," says Bassett. "All they think about is football and basketball. Even the president of the school is not really aware of what we are doing. I just get hung up about things like that. And I'm kind of upset because I haven't been able to run a decent race in the intermediate hurdles, what with having to run in the relays. And this is an Olympic year, you know. *They tell* me that I won't have any troubles off of my times last year, but how do I know that? When I get ready to run I want to be free to get at it. I keep running under handicap conditions."

Every team has one. Bassett's ours, sighs one of the other runners, understandingly.

On Sunday Bassett did not have a handicap. He ran in the intermediate hurdles, the first event of the day, and finished third in a very fast race. Even in [illegible] and Dr. Walker went [illegible] outing, although both smiles started out a short time later. Running in the 220, Black suffered a pair of hamstrings. He misjudged the finish line and blew a three-yard lead, ending third. And after the race he complained that he had strained his right foot, which caused a meeting with the mile relay team. Sang salvaged matters somewhat by surprising the crowd with a 45.6 victory in the 440, over Olympic gold medalists Vince Matthews and Lee Evans. The time made in a tri-state meet was superb.

Further, Bassett should not have been too hard on Central's president, Dr. Albert Whiting. The doctor was on the Amherst track team as a collegian and now is trying to upgrade North Carolina Central's athletic programs, hoping that decathlon champions don't get much publicity. If he upgrades the track program much more, America can just send North Carolina Central to the Olympics, just making Sang and Onkar U.S. citizens, of course. A liberal arts school of just under 4,000 students that can boast of Sam Jones, the onetime Boston Celtic, among its alumni, Central enrolls three girls to every two boys. "That's why we're in such bad shape," says Jeff Horsley, who with freshman Charles Foster makes up the rest of the track team.

UCLA, which is somewhat larger than Durham, to say nothing of North Carolina Central, is Dr. Walker's biggest worry in the NCAA mile relay. The Bruins turned in a 3:06.2 against Southern Cal two weeks ago. Right now it looks as if Central will meet its Coast rival in the upcoming California Relays before they both go on to the NCAA championships. "They say they're ready for us and they're going to show us who's the best," says Bassett. "I figure if they don't have the lead after I get through they won't have a chance because they can't match anybody else on our team."

If UCLA thinks this taken care of, Dr. Walker and His Imports could think of more important things, like record times. Dr. Walker has been trying to play down the thought of breaking the three minute mark. He thinks three flat would be just fine, but Bassett, perhaps hoping to get someone on campus to ask for an autograph, thinks 2:58 is not out of the question. "We're cocky," he says. "But we're good." **END**

How you can get a fine watch and find friendship and adventure for just $10.95:

[illegible] HAVERWATCH [illegible] price of $10.95! Why not [illegible] Just hand [illegible] we asked [illegible] ourselves that to charge $10.95 would [illegible] from the days. But if [illegible] your order [illegible] bargain. HAVERWATCH [illegible] design has a brushed [illegible] stainless back, is anti- [illegible] has an extra fancy dial [illegible] hand, calendar, [illegible] and even features [illegible] jewels. But that [illegible] the HAVERWATCH you will [illegible] our colorful 64 page [illegible] Plus a $2 GIFT CERTIFICATE [illegible] you may apply to your first [illegible] purchase. Once you are our customer [illegible] you'll receive every month [illegible] and amazing offers [illegible] handsome. One more reward [illegible] the watch: you may return it in [illegible] two weeks for full refund, and [illegible] delighted, [illegible] remain our friend! And it's guaranteed one year for [illegible] manufacturer's defects. We repair or replace free of [illegible] only charge for postage and handling. To apply, [illegible] send your address [illegible] and this coupon to us with your check for $11.95 ($10.95 plus $1 for postage and insurance—Calif. residents please add $.60 sales tax), and we'll rush the HAVERWATCH to you!

haverhill's

583 Washington, San Franc[illegible]

SOCCER / *Dan Levin*

They'll get a kick at the gold

By taking Jamaica in a squeaker, the U.S. won a trip to the Olympics

Your next-door neighbor probably never played the game, but there was always some lonely little kid in town bouncing a funny-looking ball off his toe. Weird, man. If anybody knew much about the world's most popular sport, he kept it to himself. What's the use of talking soccer to people who weren't even conscious that the pro league had bombed, its players running their legs off before empty seats? And amateurs? Maybe in St. Louis, but no other place could they steal the hearts of Main Street. It is a wonder the kids kept playing. But play they did, and what's this? The United States may be ready to join the rest of the world? Weird, man.

Last Sunday, under threatening skies in St. Louis, a group of toe men called the United States Olympic soccer team beat its Jamaican counterpart 2–1 and suddenly found itself bracketed with the world's 15 best amateur teams in the Olympic finals this summer in Munich. Considering American performances in previous years, this is roughly equivalent to a group of Keokuk Little Leaguers playing for the American League pennant. Against Jamaica, in a game it had to win, the U.S. scored first at 22 minutes when Mani Hernandez, just finishing at San Jose State College, knocked in a rebound from 12 yards out. It scored again on a tough angle shot by John Carenza, an All-America from nearby Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. Then it ducked into a desperate defensive posture and hung on for dear life and dear ticket to Munich.

Soccer has been an Olympic sport since 1900, and until 1960 each nation's soccer team just took off for the Games and prayed. After a horrendous ordeal of eliminations—it was one loss and you're out—it got so that one of 80 or so teams went home happy. Every four years the U.S. team of immigrants full of names ending with -ic would play one game, lose, and come home. In 1960 zone trials were begun, to pare the huge field to 16 teams. Under this setup, America's players never saw Rome or Tokyo or Mexico City. They never even made it to round two.

Meanwhile, professional soccer came to the U.S. and had its troubles. The teams were loaded with Eastern Europeans, there were no homegrown favorites and there were almost no fans. Bob Guelker, soccer coach at SIU, Edwardsville and coach of the U.S. national team, came to the unsurprising conclusion that "We need American heroes to make soccer go here, colorful ones."

Guelker's assistant, Julie Menendez, the soccer coach at San Jose State who also coached the U.S. boxing team at the 1960 Olympics, thinks Guelker may have found his man in one of the two U.S. goalies, a 22-year-old Harvard senior named Shep Messing. Messing owns two boa constrictors and has enough hair to hide them in. "Soccer will move as soon as people start hearing about players like Messing, guys with ability and showmanship," says Menendez.

The last may be an overly polite term, but there is no denying Messing's flair. For one thing, it got his team through the first round of the Olympic Trials. The Americans played two 1–1 ties with El Salvador. There was a playoff and they drew again 0–0. In overtime the teams both scored once, and that called for five penalty kicks alternately on each goalie. The U.S. kicked all five. El Salvador might have, too, if Messing hadn't run out of his goal and started stripping off his shirt and screaming, had Spanish at the kicker. "I wanted to show him that I was crazy," he says, "that he'd better think twice about scoring that goal." Messing ignored the fact that if the referee had blown his whistle the kicker could have shot at an open goal. Possibly as nonplussed as the El Salvadoran, the referee was mute, the kicker missed and the U.S. made round two.

Messing had said during the trials, "We can never play to only 95% of capacity and beat any of these teams. We'll have to hold them, and hold them and counterattack." He certainly gave his 100%, or more. In a sense Messing's antics were a caricature of his team's play throughout the trials. The U.S. could not match the skill of the Latin players, who had bounced soccer balls around their cribs, but as Coach Guelker said, "We offset their finesse with intangibles like desire and determination and with tangibles like our size and strength. When we play a hard game, with lots of shoulder contact in leaping for the ball, our bigger men hold up longer."

In round two the U.S. was matched with Jamaica, Mexico and Guatemala. Two of the four would go to Munich. Mexico had finished fourth at home in the '68 Olympics and Guatemala had reached the quarterfinals, where it was eliminated 1–0 by Hungary, the winner. So the auspices were awful.

In the first U.S. game against Mexico last January, Mexican dribbling made Guelker's boys look clubfooted. The Mexicans, though, were completely unprepared for what Guelker inadvertently but accurately called his "pressure-type defense." As a rule Latin teams play a deliberate game. They like to bring the ball downfield slowly, passing with exquisite accuracy. But the U.S. players, as Coach Guelker says, are "typically aggressive, hard-nosed American boys. A lot of teams will let you play with the ball at midfield, but our men face the dawdlers and make them rush their passes." The Mexicans couldn't handle the pressure, and wound up being jeered in their own stadium. Abashed, they managed only a 1–1 tie.

After the game there was grudging Mexican admiration for Carenza, the biggest fieldman of the Americans at 6′ 4″ and 220 pounds. The Mexicans nicknamed him "*giganton*," and it was rumored that he weighed 260. Later, in Guatemala, after a player ran into him and fell, as if shot, a local paper had it up to 270.

In Guatemala the custom sometimes is to shower visiting players with orange peels, and there were 50,000 soccer fans at the stadium last April 16 to greet the Americans. That took care of the year's orange crop. When the visitors finally dug themselves out of the peels the explosions began. A string of what the Guatemalans call firecrackers, five- or six-inch jobs, had been placed on the running track all the way around the field. For half an hour or so they blasted away, during which time, Guel-

ker says, "We were trapped." The explosives ceased, the smoke cleared, the players' ears kept right on ringing, and that is when the Guatemalans trotted out fresh to meet the Americans. The U.S. lost only 3-2, and it still had a chance in round two. The first thing it had to do was beat or tie Guatemala the following week in Miami, where there are plenty of oranges but not many people who throw the peels.

The U.S. led 1-0 at the half on a header from six yards out by Mike Seerey of St. Louis. Eleven minutes after the halftime break Seerey scored again, which in a way put him just two points behind his dad, Lat Pat Seerey, who once hit four home runs in a game for the Chicago White Sox. Guatemala got a goal, but with three minutes left Goalie Mike Ivanow made a spectacular save to assure a 3-2-1 U.S. win. Messing sat out the game because the Guatemalans were high shooters, and Ivanow is 6'4".

Last week in San Francisco it was Mexico vs. U.S. again. Another must. Mexico needed the win, too, and tried its hardest to arrange for it prior to the game. At least so the suspicious might argue. International soccer rules require the presentation of passports to officials for proper identification before each match, but the Mexicans came to Kezar Stadium passportless. "I left them at the hotel, they said.

"Can't we bring them in at halftime?" one Mexican asked.

"No," an angry American said. "You might play professionals and be leading two-nothing by then." But the game did begin, under U.S. protest, and all went well enough. Pat Seerey's son caught up with the old man, scoring two more goals, one with an assist off Carenza's high head, but his team couldn't score any more. Mexico came up with two goals of its own to tie.

So it was on to St. Louis for the game with Jamaica, victory and glory. It was fitting that St. Louis should be the place of decision. No city in the country has a more ambitious soccer program. None has produced more good, native-born soccer players. Four of its all-time best came home to start against Jamaica—Seerey, Carenza, Joe Hamm and Art Demling. And all week in the streets around Busch Stadium there were little kids bouncing funny-looking balls off their toes. None of them was the slightest bit lonely. **END**

WHEN MOORE COUNTY, Tennessee, celebrated its hundredth anniversary last summer, most everyone in Lynchburg turned out.

And, you can be sure, all of us from The Jack Daniel Distillery were on hand. You see, we've been making whiskey in Moore County for every one of its one hundred years (except the ones during prohibition) and even a few before that. We're hoping to go right on making it for the next one hundred more. A sip, we believe, and you'll be hoping that too.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF © 1972 Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

BEHIND IMPASSIONED play of star Rick Barry and beneath anguished look of Coach Lou Carnesecca runs a current of happiness.

PRO BASKETBALL / *Peter Carry*

Always leave 'em laughing

Out went the comedy act, in came a new owner, coliseum, coach and crew. Now everybody is chortling over the successful New York Nets

Not long ago the New York Nets were the court jesters of the American Basketball Association. It was not just that the team remained hilariously inept long after many other ABA clubs had grown to respectability—New York was a poor team right up to last season—it was more than that. If the Nets were bad, the places they played were worse. This made for a dynamite combination, sure-fire to keep fans away in droves. But now there is a new sort of New York explosion. Three months ago the Nets moved into a big new arena and, suddenly, they have become good enough to make the playoff finals. Just as abruptly, their fans have begun fighting to buy tickets. And now it is the Nets' turn to enjoy a bit of the hilarity. They are court-jesting all the way to the bank.

Some of the credit for the team's turnabout can be attributed to the foresightedness—and heavy pocketbook—of President Roy Boe. And some must go to the citizens of Long Island's Nassau County, who paid for the Nassau Coliseum in which the Nets now play. And some more belongs to General Manager-Coach Lou Carnesecca, who swept out all the old Nets and brought in a new roster of eager, young ones. Only two of the present players are over 25 years old and only two of them have been with the team as long as three seasons.

While the current Nets appreciate the plush surroundings of their new arena, none of them have been around long enough to remember just how bad the bad old days were. One of their rivals does. Before he was traded to the Kentucky Colonels two years ago, Walt Simon was a charter member of the Nets' franchise, right back to the ABA's first season, 1967-68, when the team was known as the New Jersey Americans and played in an armory in Teaneck where the games were scheduled between military drills.

"I'm from Harlem," Simon recalls, "and guys from uptown would come to me that first year and say, 'Man, I hear you're playing for that new team in Teaneck. That's great! Hey, by the way, where is Teaneck? In Connecticut?' That year we had to shift a playoff game to the Commack Arena way out near the end of Long Island. But the game had to be forfeited and we were knocked out of the playoffs because there were holes between the floorboards big enough for a sneaker to fit in and screws were sticking up all over the place.

"They got the floor fixed, changed our name to New York Nets and scheduled all our games for Commack the next season. Now, I was brought up going to Madison Square Garden. You know: huge crowds full of those rich guys from the garment center wearing silk suits, smoking big cigars and carrying on with girls who look like their daughters. Out in Commack what fans we got drove to the games in trucks. Some of the women wore overalls.

"We moved the next year to the Island Garden, which was a little better. Still, the locker room had nails stuck in the wall to hang your clothes on and there were only two shower heads for the whole team. You didn't dare flush the toilet if someone was showering. You'd scald him. That was our dressing room; you should've seen the one for the *visitors*."

The main arena was not much better. Located behind a drive-in restaurant and used at various times as an indoor amusement park and a site for wrestling matches, the Island Garden looked best suited for cockfights.

Through those early seasons the team rarely drew more than 1,000 paying customers per game, which was fair enough. The Nets' play was right down to the level of the surroundings. In the ABA's first two seasons the team finished last. The current year was the first in which its record climbed over .500—it was .524.

continued

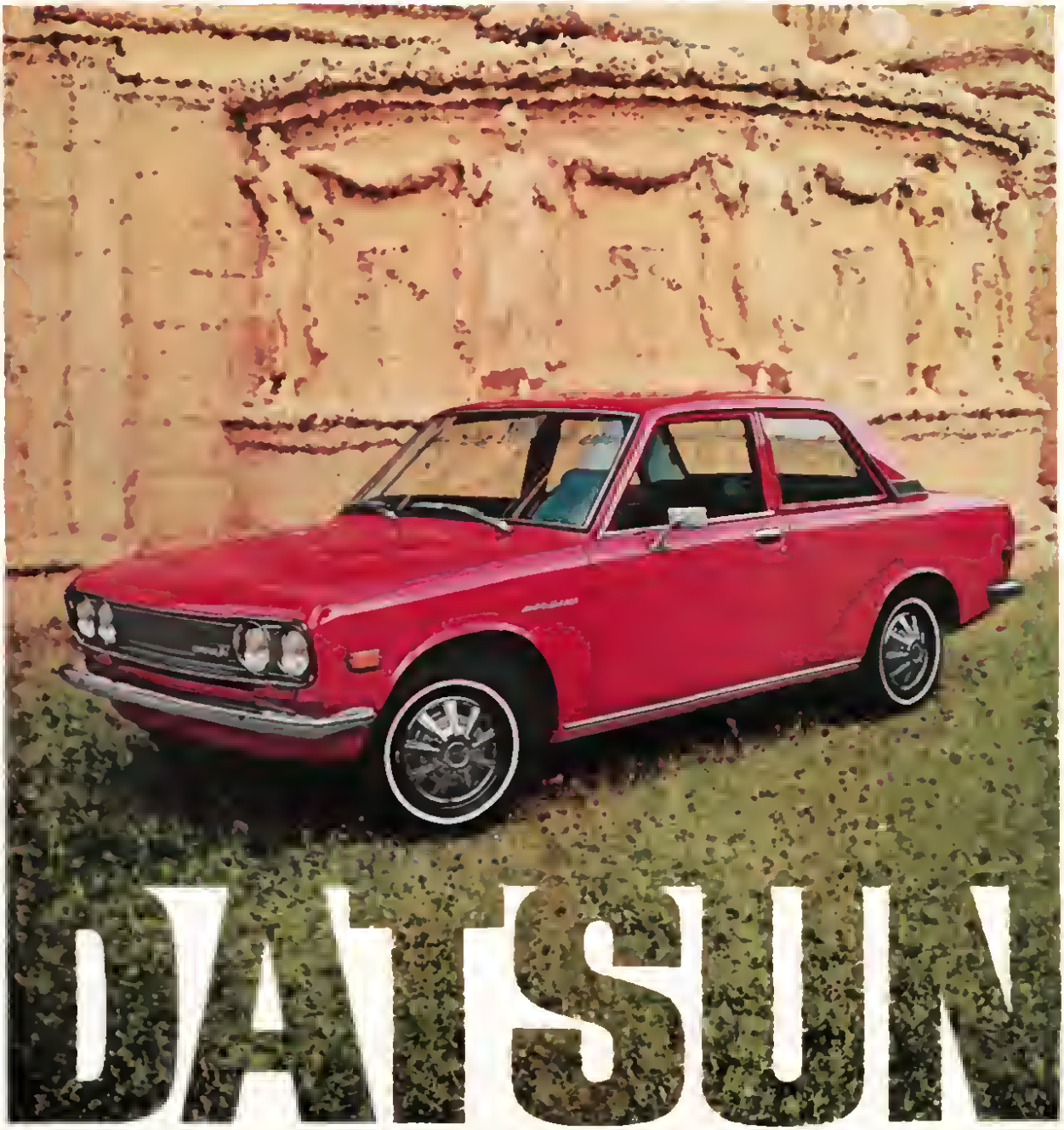
Under our sedan body lurks a secret sports car.

At first glance, you might mistake the Datsun 510 2-Door Sedan for just another economy car.

But under that civilized exterior lies some pretty exotic machinery.

Independent rear suspension. Front disc brakes. An overhead cam engine. A slick 4-speed transmission. That's the stuff sports cars are made of, as our competitors in the high-pressure 2-5 Trans-Am racing series have discovered.

Drive a Datsun... then decide.



FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

Adam's Apple, 1972

(A do-it-yourself temptation)

Ever wonder what the apple tasted like that started the whole man/woman thing back in Eden? It's a cinch your everyday MacIntosh is pretty pallid by comparison.

Thinking about that one day, we got this wild idea. If we added an ounce or so of Smirnoff to some good old unforbidden apple juice in a tall glass of ice, would thunder shake the earth? Lightning flash? No, actually, none of that happened.

We did, however, discover a pretty [illegible] drink. The name, Adam's Apple, is something of an over promise, but drink it in the right company and maybe you can make your own thunder and lightning.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.

Until two years ago New York never had signed a college draft choice of any significant ability. It was the consequences of failing to get one of them, Lew Alcindor, that mark the beginning of the team's rise. The ABA had always recognized that a strong New York franchise was crucial to its success—and with that in mind the league assigned the draft rights for Alcindor and the money to sign him to the Nets. Smarter heads in other ABA franchises had conducted a study (including sending psychologists disguised as reporters into the UCLA locker room to interview Alcindor) on the best strategy to ensure that the towering center would play in the ABA. Their report said that Alcindor was intelligent, honest and publicity-shy. Since Lew had already announced he would make his decision on the basis of a single offer from each league, the study recommended that the Nets present their best deal at the start. Ignoring the advice, New York Owner Arthur Brown and ABA Commissioner George Mikan decided instead on a grandstand play. They offered Lew a cashier's check for $1 million and grandly displayed it to the press. The NBA countered quietly with a far more lucrative and sophisticated contract, and Alcindor signed with the NBA. About a month later Brown sold the Nets to Boe, and Mikan later "resigned" from the ABA.

Boe, then 38 years old, had made a quick fortune when his women's apparel company popularized the wraparound skirt. He originally bought his franchise, as many wealthy businessmen do, as a lavish toy. But within two months of the purchase he realized the team was too expensive and time-consuming to operate as a hobby. So he quit the clothing business and took over full-time direction.

"If I had realized then how tough the next two years were going to be, I wouldn't have gotten into this," Boe said last week. "They were the worst years of my life."

In the first 24 months Boe owned the franchise it lost $2½ million, which you would need a lot of wraparound skirts to cover. But despite the heavy dollar drain, he set about preparing for the day when he would have a good team and a good arena. It was not easy. Politicians and civic leaders kept pointing out that the folks of Nassau County were first class and the Nets definitely were not—and that it might be best to hold out for an NBA expansion franchise. Boe decided to convince the fans otherwise. Even though the Nets sold only 42 season tickets his first season, 1969-70, Boe hired the largest front-office crew in the ABA and sent members out to talk about the Nets to anybody who would listen. Nonplaying staffers made more than 250 speeches on Long Island in the past two years. Players were retained on the payroll in the off-season and they held 250 free clinics for 200,000 children. Convinced that they could never attract the silk suit and cigar crowd away from the Manhattan-based Knicks, the Nets worked to pull entire families of suburban fans into their location, which is smack in the middle of the seven million people who populate Long Island's Nassau and Suffolk counties and the New York City boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens.

Since the team moved into Nassau Coliseum three months ago—and thanks to the maturing of the young Nets at the same time—New York's business has boomed. For the third game of their playoff with the Indiana Pacers last Friday night the Nets drew a standing-room crowd of more than 15,000. The revenue from that gate alone exceeded $100,000—about what the Nets grossed the whole first year Boe owned the team. He expects to sell 8,000 season tickets and average 12,000 to 14,000 fans per game next year, perhaps equaling or surpassing the Los Angeles Lakers, presently the second most lucrative franchise in the pros behind the Knicks.

Although the Coliseum will draw lots of fans, the extent of the Nets' financial success will depend on how well they play. New York is a sound club that could lose its series to Indiana—the Pacers led 2-1 after Friday's game—and still rank as the ABA's team of the future. Forward Rick Barry has been a superstar for six seasons and is only 27. Net Guards Bill Melchionni and John Roche are excellent. And there is more power on the way. New York has Marquette dropout center Jim Chones under contract for next year and Princeton's junior guard Brian Taylor is expected to sign soon.

All that talent should put Carnesecca back in a familiar role as a winner. Like many Net fans, Carnesecca broke out of an old ethnic neighborhood in the heart of New York to find success in the suburbs. His father ran a grocery store in the Italian community on Manhattan's East 62nd Street while Lou played association (known everywhere else as touch football) and stickball outside on the pavement. He attended Catholic schools and college in New York and married a girl from across the street. He coached high school basketball in Queens and then moved up to lead St. John's University to five postseason tournaments in his five years as head coach.

Owner Boe was so thoroughly convinced that Carnesecca was the man the Nets needed that he hired him almost immediately after buying the team—even though Carnesecca insisted on remaining at St. John's to finish out the last year of his contract. In an era when coaches and players both seem ready to move at the drop of a quill pen, Carnesecca's refusal to leave St. John's was unusual but consistent. He is adamant about old loyalties, persistent in his discipline and unforgiving of himself.

As a college coach he was renowned for his wild antics during games—back flips, duck walks, slithering on his belly—all moves that never failed to surprise him when he saw the game movies. By the end of a 25-game college schedule, he was little more than a blob of jelly. His adjustment to the pros has been every bit as difficult as that of his young players. No longer does Carnesecca do acrobatics, but he is constantly up and down, bobbing and weaving in front of the bench. "I had to come to grips with myself," he says. "I couldn't possibly punish myself over the 100 games we play a year in the pros and stay healthy."

"He's a lot calmer now than he used to be, but still nobody will sit next to him on the bench," says Net Center Bill Paultz, who played for Carnesecca in college. "He's always getting up, moving around and blocking your view so you can't see the game. And if you're next to him when he's sitting he'll hit you hard or jump on your foot and won't even know he's done it."

Inside his somewhat tamed exterior the little gremlins that have always pressured Carnesecca are still performing their strange dances, he admits. But last week they were doing more of a waltz than a stomp. "For once it's a little easier," he said. "We want to win the playoffs for sure, but we can't be too disappointed if we don't. We've come much farther than we could have expected." So far in so many ways, in fact, that for this once the Nets could be losers and still have the biggest laugh. **END**

ROWING / *Hugh D. Whall*

Watch out! Their ergometer is showing

If anybody had bothered to read the device, he would have discovered that Northeastern's Huskies had enough energy to blast by the best of boats. And they did just that—upsetting Harvard and Penn

Some believe that a chariot race is won not by the chariot but by the horses and that a crew race is won not by the boat but by the eight men pulling the sweeps. But there are those who believe yet another factor is involved after seeing Northeastern University's stunning upset of the East's superpowers, Harvard and Penn, last weekend at the Eastern Sprints on Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Mass. They give a lot of credit to Mrs. Ernie Arlett and her bag of English tricks.

Opening her pocketbook, the wife of Northeastern's coach reaches in and pulls out a moth-eaten champagne cork. "Here," says Mrs. Arlett. "This is my two-day champagne cork." She proceeds to explain its magic. As anyone knows, the cork must be lodged in a dirty sock for two days. It's unbeatable after that. She extracts another charm. This is special. It is a doll, about an inch high, very pink, very naked, very old. "This is Willie Waddell," she says. Waddell, named after the famous English soccer player, was her son's first plaything. Her son, like any stout Arlett should, rowed with Rutgers and now attends Tulane University. "You know," Mrs. Arlett adds, rummaging reflectively through other magic tickets and old badges, "Ernie says he wasn't nervous this morning. Well, he wanted to fold up his chair but he folded it this way and that, that way and this, and he just couldn't get it together." She demonstrated what she meant by folding the chair in a single swift movement.

Mrs. Arlett had the magic touch for sure, and all her Ernie had to do was stand by and watch as the first Northeastern crew ever to win the Sprints, one of rowing's noblest prizes, whipped top dogs Harvard and Penn and surprising, unseeded Brown. Ernie stood on this little island at the finishing line amid a mob of spectators. Alongside him was Freshman Coach Frank Barrett and across the wind-ruffled waters came the sharp cries of coxswains whipping on the heavyweight eights. They formed a shrill accompaniment for the public-address announcer who, from the start, filled the air with news of Harvard and Penn. It was "Harvard" this and "Penn" that and both rowing at "36." Only occasionally did word of Cornell or Brown sneak in. As far as Announcer Harry Gladstone was concerned, the Northeastern Huskies might as well have been rowing at home on the Charles River.

But who could blame Announcer Gladstone, for Northeastern was plugging along in fourth place at least a length behind leading Harvard. Then, suddenly, with perhaps 250 meters to go in the 2,000-meter course and while hugging the Shrewsbury shore across from Arlett's island, a Flying Dutchman shell appeared. Her crew wore Northeastern's black. With every stroke of the sweeps she seemed to lift clear of the water and gain a seat on Harvard, all amid a frenzy of action and sound. As Virgil wrote in the *Aeneid*,

Their bent arms churn the water into foam,
The sea gapes open by the oars up-torn,
With shouts and cheers of eager partisans
The woodlands ring, the sheltered beach rolls up
The sound, the hills re-echo with the din

As the crowd edged closer down the shore an incredulous Barrett began to yell, "We're going to do it, we're going to do it, we're going to do it," at a disbelieving Ernie Arlett, who kept shouting, "It's too late, it's too late," in a chorus of his own. He had waited so long for a big win, now that it was within his grasp he could not believe it.

Northeastern flashed across the line followed by Brown, leaving wasted Harvard and Penn collapsed over their oars as they tried to fathom what had hit them. Said Harvard's Harry Parker, as unruffled in defeat as he is in victory: "My guys were aware of Northeastern right up there threatening but . . ." Penn, too, had its huts. Play and replay the finish to infinity and the fact that a shell could come from so far back so quickly against such outstanding competition would still seem unreal.

As Arlett gamboled toward the winner's dock to greet his crew and take the traditional dunking, the chairman of the Eastern Sprints seeding committee was beginning a celebration of his own. "The seeding committee is throwing a cocktail party immediately," declared Andy Geiger, Brown's athletic director. Why not? Ever since the embattled committee released its Sprints rankings, the flak had come in thick and fast. Now, perhaps, it would stop.

No one argued with the committee's pick of Harvard for No. 1. Mowing down the nation's top crews in its customary style all season long, Harvard had added gloss to the won-lost record of 37 and 4 run up by Parker, Harvard's Percy Haughton of rowing. Nobody griped about Cornell's fifth seeding, or MIT at six, either. What they did object to was Navy's No. 2 ranking, because it had been whacked soundly in the Adams Cup two weeks ago. They also objected to Northeastern's ranking third. Nor did the Huskies agree with their seeding. They believed they should have been ranked first.

The knock against Northeastern was its schedule. It was considered far too easy. The Huskies had gone against patsies like Boston University. Moreover, all their races had been close and they had barely managed to edge MIT. While Northeastern had cracked the Charles River course record, it was said that was with benefit of a tailwind.

As for Penn, the committee should get

its collective head examined for ranking it fourth after the Adams Cup, where its boat sank halfway down the course at Philadelphia. Penn should be second was the cry, though Penn Coach Ted Nash claimed he did not feel that strongly on the subject.

Which brought up another subject: why Nash persisted in using a certain boat at the Adams Cup despite a warning from its builder, George Pocock, that the lightweight craft was not to be used in rough weather. Why, indeed, had Nash used it, especially since it had already broken several riggers—the long metal arms that act as pivots and fulcrums for the sweeps? Besides, the boat leaked.

Nash had ready answers. For one thing, he enjoys a close working relationship with Pocock, for whom he rowed as an Olympic oarsman three times. For another, Nash once labored in Pocock's Seattle shell-building shops. The controversial boat is experimental, with experimental riggers, and Nash would like to help Pocock develop a superboat for the U.S. Olympic program. In addition, Penn had to use her because rowing at Penn is not lavishly funded. Even though the school owns 11 shells, Nash was not about to deprive another crew by expropriating its boat. But finally, says Nash, "When you go to work in your car every day you check the oil and look at the gas gauge, but do you check the windshield to see if it'll pop out? No you don't. We didn't check our windshield and it popped out. That's all."

By windshield Nash meant the bow-deck of the shell. As the boat butted into the rough rollers on the Schuylkill that day, a sort of tongue-and-groove system that fastens deck to hull in place of the normal fastenings began to work loose. Penn was leading and Harvard was attacking midway in the race. Nonswimmer Louis DeLosso, Penn coxswain, says he was peering ahead through the spume wondering why his boat was not responding properly when suddenly he realized, "My God, that's the bowman in the water! We're going down!"

Fortunately for the 5′ 2″ DeLosso, his 6′ 6″ stroke Walter Updegrave grabbed him before he, too, went down and threw him aboard a rescue boat.

They salvaged the wreck of the shell, patched it with paint and nails and glue, put Penn's comely crew of female managers to work manicuring its bottom with detergent and lemon oil and brought it to Quinsigamond, where it was a center of attention.

Northeastern got very little pre-race attention, boat or men. But its victory was no fluke. It was a combination of the Huskie crew finally reaching that mystical peak after a lot of hard training, a deep desire to beat Harvard after years of trying, size—the Huskies average 6′ 3″ and 188 pounds—and especially a pair of ergometers.

Ergometers test how well and how strongly one pulls a sweep. They rarely lie and eagerly snitch on the loafer who is not doing his training properly. Oarsmen hate them; most coaches love them. Yet, as Boston University Coach Hugh Foley puts it, "Deep inside I harbor a secret 'old school' hope that some crew that has never seen or heard of ergometers will whip the pants off all these

continued

VICTORS AT LAST, NORTHEASTERN'S OARSMEN RAISE A SALUTE AS SECOND-PLACE BROWN (CENTER) AND CORNELL GLIDE IN

DO YOU HAVE AN UNFAITHFUL WATCH?

At first you tell yourself, "What's a few minutes off?"

But when you catch your watch cheating on you time and time again, when you're forced to turn to the wrist of some stranger...

That's when you wish you had an Accutron® watch.

Its tuning fork movement is guaranteed to keep it faithful to within a minute a month.*

It can't be led astray, like others can, by an unbalanced balance wheel.

And it's so loyal that even if you deserted it for months, it would do nothing but lie there and count the seconds until you returned.

ACCUTRON® BY BULOVA

The true-blue tuning fork watch.

Shown: Accutron "258." Satin finish stainless steel case. Suntay blue dial with matching blue strap. $110.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

machine crews. I realize the chances are slim." He's dead correct on that score.

But man still must direct man—and read dials—and when Northeastern rowers say they owe everything to Ernie Arlett they are not just paying lip service. Coach Ernie, with his English accent, yachting cap, pencil-line mustache and genteel manner, has about as deep a background in rowing as anyone in the sport. Teethed on sweeps and shells, style and training, he grew up at Henley on Thames. His father was a professional oarsman, his brother is a professional and Ernie himself rowed professionally before coming to this country in 1959 to coach at a Philadelphia high school. Later he ran Harvard's sculling program, and then he moved across the Charles to Northeastern, where his wins far outnumber his losses. In three cracks at the Eastern Sprints, however, the best his heavyweight eight could ever manage was a third.

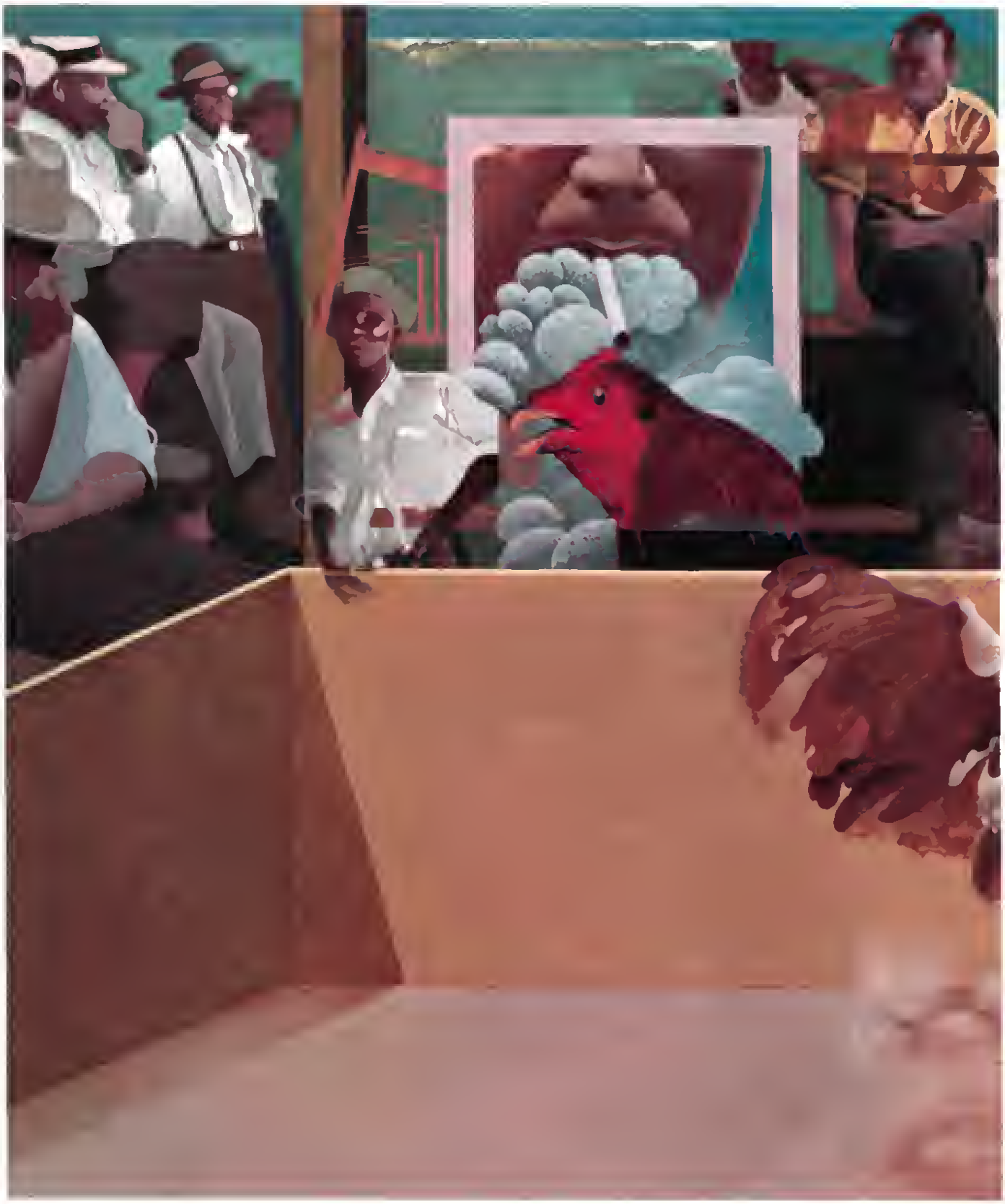
Arlett admits to some surprise about this year's boat. "I knew we were going to win something this season, but I wasn't thinking of the Sprints. I was really thinking what might happen when we meet Penn next week."

The crew was having other thoughts. In practice on Friday they had all sensed something different, a confidence they had not had before. When they finished second to Brown in a preliminary heat on Saturday morning after an easy row their confidence was confirmed. They were ready for the big move, and while Harvard and Penn were watching each other, they flew past them both.

After the victory Northeastern's publicist, Jack Grinold, was throwing an impromptu party out of the trunk of his car, serving up kisses and a concoction called Green Death to anyone and everyone who passed within range. Later, after drying out and changing to a coxswain's sweat suit four or five sizes too small for him, Arlett came stumping by looking like one of those plaster gnomes you see on English front lawns. He did a little jig, then left to find his crew and think about the trip to Henley the university probably will give his boys as a reward for their victory.

Nearby, Mrs. Arlett waited by the car. If Ernie takes his crew to England, she'll go along. So a word to the wise. Mrs. Arlett does not look like a sorceress but it might pay to put the snatch on that bag of hers all the same. **END**

OUT TO MAKE



A KILLING

by CHARLES WILLEFORD

His money bird seemed razor-sharp, perhaps a hairline too sharp. But it was a risk he had to take. If the cock lost the match, they both would be dead

CONTINUED

First, I closed the windows and bolted the flimsy aluminum door. Then I flicked on the overhead light and snapped the Venetian blinds shut. Without the cross ventilation it was stifling inside the trailer. Outside, in the Florida sunlight, the temperature was in the high 80s, but inside, now that the door and the windows were locked, it must have been 100°. I wiped the sweat away from my streaming face and neck with a dishcloth, dried my hands and tossed the cloth on the floor. After moving Sandspur's traveling coop onto the couch, I checked the items on the table one more time. Leather thong. Cotton. Razor blade. Bowl of lukewarm soapy water. Pan of rubbing alcohol. Liquid lead pencil. Sponge. All in order.

I lifted the lid of the coop, brought Sandspur out with both hands, turned the cock's head away from me and then held him firmly with my left hand under his breast. I looped the noose of leather over his dangling yellow feet, slipped it tight above his sawed-off spur stumps and made a couple of turns to hold it snug. Holding the chicken with both hands again, I lowered him between my legs and squeezed my knees together tight enough to be sure he couldn't move a wing. Sandspur didn't like it. He hit back with both feet four times, making thumping sounds against the plastic couch, but he couldn't get away.

I pinched off a generous wad of cotton between my left thumb and forefinger and clamped my fingers over his lemon-yellow beak. There was just enough of a downward curve to his short beak so he couldn't jerk his head out of my fingers. He couldn't possibly hurt himself as long as the cotton didn't slip.

Impatient knuckles rapped on the door. Dody again. At that moment I would have given anything to be able to curse. "How long you gonna be, Frank?" Dody's petulant voice shrilled through the door. "I gotta go to the bathroom!" I didn't answer. I couldn't. I hadn't uttered a word in years. She rapped impatiently a couple of more times, and then she went away. At least she didn't holler any more.

My right hand was damp again, and I wiped my fingers on my jeans, still holding Sandspur's beak with my left thumb and forefinger. I picked up the razor blade and cut a hairline groove across his bill as high up as possible. This was ticklish work, and I cut a trifle too deep on the right side. I dropped the razor blade back on the table and released the cock's head, then picked up the lead pencil with my left hand and rubbed the point across my right fingertip until it was smeared with liquid lead. Pinching off more cotton with my left hand, I caught Sandspur's beak again and rubbed the almost invisible groove with my lead-smeared forefinger. I took my time, and Sandspur glared at me malevolently with his shiny yellow eyes.

As soon as I was satisfied, I unloosened the thong around his feet and put the bird on the table, washed his legs with the water and rubbed his breast and thighs. I repeated the rubdown with alcohol. I was particularly careful with his head and bill, only using cotton dipped in alcohol.

Finished, I returned the items to my gaff case and dumped the soapy water and alcohol into the sink. Sandspur was a good-looking fighting cock, and after his light rubdown he felt in fine feather. Holding his head high he strutted back and forth on the slick Masonite table. He was a White-hackle cross in peak condition, a five-time winner and a real money bird. I knew he would win this afternoon, but I also knew he *had* to win.

I stepped in close to the table, made a feinting pinch for his doctored beak, and he tried to peck me. I examined his beak, and even under close scrutiny the bill looked cracked. The liquid lead inside the hairline made the manufactured crack look authentic even to my expert eyes. As a longtime professional cocker, I knew the crack would fool Mr. Ed Middleton, Jack Burke and the accordion-necked fruit-tramp bettors. I picked up Sandspur and lowered him gently into his coop.

I opened the door, but Dody was nowhere in sight. She was probably visiting inside one of the other trailers in the camp. After sliding up all the windows again, I lit a cigarette. What I had done to Sandspur's bill wasn't exactly illegal, but I didn't feel too proud about it. I only wanted to boost the betting odds and my slender roll.

Although I knew I couldn't possibly lose, I was apprehensive about the upcoming fight. Everything I had, including my old Caddy and my Love-Lee-Mobile Home, was down on this single cockfight. And Sandspur was the only cock I had left. In my mind I reviewed my impulsive bet. I had been a damned fool to bet the car and trailer.

At four that morning I had slid out of bed without waking Dody and switched on the light. I dressed and took Sandspur outside and around to the back of the trailer. It was still dark, and I wanted to flirt him for exercise. A cooped bird gets stale in a hurry. I sidestepped the chicken six times, gave him six rolls and let him drink a half-dip of water. He would get no more water until after the fight. When the sky began to lighten I released him. Sandspur lifted his head and crowed twice. As I watched the cock scratch in the loose sand, a shadow fell across my face. I looked up and there was Jack Burke, a wide grin splitting his homely face. I scooped up Sandspur quickly, dropped him into the coop and closed the lid. Burke had seen him, but there still wasn't enough light for a close look.

"That the mighty Sandspur?" Burke said.

I nodded.

"He don't look like no five-time winner to me. Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Mansfield," Burke said, as though he were doing me a big favor. "I'll give you 2 to 1."

When Burke made this offer I had just started to get to my feet. But now I decided to remain in my squatting position. Burke is a man of average height, but I am a full head taller than he is, and my eyes are bluer. My blond hair is curly, and his blond hair is lank. Looking down on me that way gave him a psychological advantage, a feeling of power, and I wanted him to have it—hoping that his overconfidence would help me get even better odds that afternoon.

Burke had written me a postcard to Homestead, challenging Sandspur to the fight at even money. I had accepted by return mail, glad to get a chance at his Ace cock, Little David. Little David's reputation wasn't so little. He was an eight-time winner and had earned a lot

Copyright © 1972 by Charles Willeford. All rights reserved.

of publicity. When Sandspur beat Little David, his value would be doubled, and my chances of taking the Southern Conference championship would be improved.

On the drive from the Homestead meet (where I had lost four birds) to Belle Glade I had thought of the crack-on-the-bill plan, and now I didn't want even money or 2 to 1, either. After the bettors looked at the birds before the pitting I expected to get odds of 4 to 1, at least. I had $850 in my wallet, and I did not want to take Burke's offer, but after accepting an even-money fight by mail I could not legitimately turn down the new odds.

I snapped my fingers out four times, folded in my thumb and held up four fingers. I nodded twice.

"You mean you've only got $100 to bet?" Burke said, with a short angry laugh. "I figured on taking you for at least $1,000!"

I pointed to the coop and lifted a forefinger to show Burke I had only the one cock. He knew very well I had lost the rest of my birds at Homestead. By this time everybody in Florida and half of Georgia knew it.

Jack Burke followed the Cockers' Code of Conduct, and he was honest, but he disliked me. Although my luck had been mostly bad for the last three years, four years before, at Biloxi, my novice stag Pinky had killed his Ace, Pepperpot. He would never be able to forgive or forget that beating. Pinky had won only one fight against five for his cock, and Burke had taken a terrific loss at 5-to-1 odds. More than the money he had lost, he had resented my winning. A columnist in *The Southern Cockfighter* had unfairly blamed his conditioning methods for the loss. Actually, Pinky had made a lucky hit. A man is foolish to fight stags, but I had needed the young bird to fill out my entry for the main—not expecting to clobber Pepperpot.

Burke studied the ground, rubbing his freshly shaven chin. He was in his middle 40s, and he wore his pale yellow hair much too long. He paid considerable attention to his clothes. Even at daybreak he was wearing a blue seersucker suit, white shirt and necktie and black-and-white shoes. Two-toned shoes indicate an ambivalent personality, a man who can't make up his mind.

"O.K., Mr. Mansfield," Burke said at last, slapping his leg. "I'll take your $100 and give you 2 to 1. I know damned well Sandspur can't beat Little David, but your cock always has a chance of getting in a lucky hit—the way Pinky did in Biloxi, for instance. So let's say you really get lucky—what do you have? Two hundred dollars. To give you a fighting chance to get on your feet after Homestead I'll put up $800 against your car and trailer."

I chewed my lower lip, but the bet was fair. My battered Caddy was worth at least $500, but I didn't know what the trailer was worth. Secondhand trailers bring peculiar prices, and mine was small, with only one bedroom and one door. If I unloaded the car and trailer through a newspaper advertisement, I could have probably sold them together for at least $750. Burke wanted to beat me so bad he could taste it. And if Little David won I'd be standing beside the highway with my thumb out. I stuck out my right hand and Burke grabbed it eagerly. The bet was made.

"Too bad you haven't got anything else to lose," Burke laughed. "I'd like to make another bet that you just made a bad bet!"

My lips curved into a broad smile as I thought of Dody sleeping peacefully inside the trailer. In the unlikely event that Jack Burke did win the fight he also would be stuck

continued

Parliament gives a famous golf

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'71

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

you a chance to play course for a week.

And, get the Robert Trent Jones Collection of "19th Holes" for just $5.

Here's your chance to get six unique "on the rocks" glasses at a big savings, *or* win a terrific golf vacation. Or both!

You won't find these 11-oz. glasses anywhere else! They're beautifully decorated with reproductions of classic golf holes—each one on a famous Robert Trent Jones golf course.

When you order your set of glasses, you automatically have a chance to win, but you can also enter the Sweepstakes separately.

Sweepstakes winners and their golfing foursome will play a famous Robert Trent Jones golf course.

If you're a winner, you can choose either the famous Dorado Beach Club in Puerto Rico, or Spyglass at Pebble Beach, California; and Parliament will fly you there for a week of unlimited golf.

Your trip will include roundtrip first-class jet for your *golfing foursome*, hotels, meals, and all the golf you can handle!

Three winning trips will be given away—each for four people. Enter as often as you wish, but make sure each entry is mailed separately and accompanied by two Parliament pack ends or the word Parliament hand printed in plain block letters on two separate pieces of 3" x 5" paper.
ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

500 Second Prizes— Prints of Original Watercolors.

Prints of the six original watercolors, 9" x 12" in size, which are reproduced on the glassware, and suitable for framing will be awarded as second prizes. Or they may be obtained by sending $3.00 for each six-print set to: Parliament Offer, P.O. Box 38, Cincinnati, Ohio 45225.

Orders and entries must be postmarked by September 1, 1972 and received by September 10, 1972. Winners will be chosen by random drawing and notified by September 30.

It works like a cigarette holder works.

SEND TO:
PARLIAMENT OFFER
P.O. BOX 38
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45225

☐ **Golf Glasses and Sweepstakes.**
Please send me a set of six Robert Trent Jones "Famous Golf" glasses, and automatically enter me in Parliament's Sweepstakes. I'm enclosing two Parliament pack ends, and my check (or money order) for $5.00

☐ **Robert Trent Jones Prints.**
Please send me a set of six prints of the original watercolors which are reproduced on the glassware shown. I'm enclosing two Parliament pack ends, and my check (or money order) for $3.00. (Prices include shipping and handling charges. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery)

☐ **Sweepstakes Only.**
No thanks. I don't care to order now, but enter me in the Parliament Sweepstakes anyway. I'm enclosing two Parliament pack ends (or the word Parliament hand printed in plain block letters on two separate sheets of 3" x 5" paper.) NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Each Sweepstakes entry must be mailed separately. Plain paper can be used in lieu of this form.

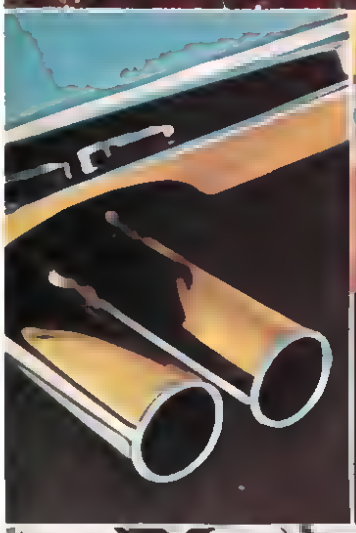
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Orders and entries must be postmarked by September 1, 1972, and received by September 10, 1972. Offer and sweepstakes void where restricted, prohibited or taxed. Odds on winning depend on number of entries. Employees (and their families) of Philip Morris, its advertising agencies and the judging organization are not eligible for sweepstakes. All persons ordering glassware or prints or entering Sweepstakes must be 21 years of age or older.

Capri Sport Coupe



CAPRI
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION
Ford

Capri.
The sexy European.

Now in a more spirited version.

It's no surprise when a car is sexy, European and *expensive*.

Capri caused a sensation by being sexy, European and *inexpensive*. And surprised everybody except us by selling more cars in its first two years in America than any import in history.

Capri makes history again with its new, more spirited version—equipped with a gutsy 2600 cc. V-6 engine, a match for cars costing twice the price.

But there's more to the new V-6 than what's under the hood.

Blackout rocker panels and rear end trim. Chrome twin exhausts. Styled steel wheels and fat radial tires. All standard.

And that's not all. Rack and pinion steering. Power front disc brakes. And beefed-up suspension for crisp handling.

There's still more: A silky smooth floor shift. Full instrumentation including tachometer. Front bucket seats in soft vinyl that looks and feels like real leather. Room for four adults. Full carpeting underfoot. And a sophisticated instrument panel with handsome woodgrain effect.

If you insist on spending extra, Capri can offer you automatic transmission, a sun roof, vinyl top, and decor group interior (illustrated).

But Capri doesn't need many options because it comes equipped with so much.

So much for so little. That's Capri. That's the kind of spirit we need more of!

Buckle up for safety.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

with Dody. I pictured Burke in my mind stopping at every gas station to buy Dody ice cream and Coca-Colas and it was impossible to suppress a smile. On the way up from Homestead she had damned near driven me crazy.

But now the bet was made.

I consulted my wristwatch. Two thirty. It was time to go. Bill Sanders was going to meet me outside the pit at three to pick up my betting money. I stashed $100 in the utensil cupboard to cover my 2-to-1 bet with Burke, counted the rest of my money, and it came out to an even $750. That was everything except for a folded $10 bill in my watch pocket. This was getaway bread, just in case.

I put my straw cowboy hat on my head to protect my face from the glaring sun, picked up the aluminum coop and my gaff case and stepped outside. There were 14 trailers in Captain Mack's Trailer Camp, including mine, and if you had touched any one of them you would have burned your hand. In the distance, across the flat, desolate country, I could see Belle Glade three miles away. The heat waves rising off the sandy land resembled great sheets of quivering cellophane. I turned away from the trailers and started toward the hammock clump where the pit had been set up. As hot as it was, I was in no mood to unhitch my car from the trailer and work up a worse sweat than I had, and the walk was only a mile.

There was a wire gate behind the camp, with an oldtimer collecting an entrance fee of $3. I raised my coop to show him I was an entrant, and he let me through without charge.

Captain Mack, who had made all the arrangements for the Belle Glade pitting, was talking earnestly to a state trooper when I reached the parking area. The trooper's patrol car was parked directly behind a new convertible with a Dade County plate. The right door of the convertible was open, and a pretty blonde sat in the front seat. Her face was pale, and she had her eyes closed, breathing deeply through her open mouth. There was a wet spot in the sand outside the door. I supposed the girl had watched a few fights and got sick as a consequence. Not many city women have the stomach for cockfights.

The pit was surrounded on four sides

continued

by a green canvas panorama made from Army surplus latrine screens. There were about 30 cars in the parking area. I set down my gaff case and coop in the sparse shade of a melaleuca tree and leaned against a parked Plymouth, watching Captain Mack argue with the trooper. Finally Mack shrugged wearily, took his wallet out of his hip pocket and handed over two bills. They went inside the pit through a gap in the canvas wall. Although cockfighting is a legal sport in Florida, betting is not; Captain Mack had been forced to pay out some protection money.

There was excited shouting from inside the pit, followed by several coarse curses, and then the voices subsided. Mr. Ed Middleton's baritone carried well as he announced the winning cock.

"The winner is the Madigin! One minute and 31 seconds in the third pitting!"

Again there were curses, followed by the derisive sound of laughter. I lit a cigarette, took my notebook out of my shirt pocket and wrote the essential information concerning Sandspur on a fresh sheet of paper. A few minutes later Bill Sanders came outside and joined me under the tree. I handed him my roll of $750, and he counted it. Bill put the money in his trousers and watched my fingers. I held up four fingers on my left hand and my right forefinger.

"I doubt if I can get you 4 to 1, Frank," Bill said. "Your reputation is too good. You could show up with a battered dunghill, and if these red-neckers thought you fed it, they'd bet on it. But I'll try."

If anybody could get good odds for me, Sanders could, and I knew he would certainly try. When I was discharged from the Army, I had spent two months in Puerto Rico with Sanders, living in the same hotel. We had attended mains at all the best game clubs—San Juan, Mayagüez, Ponce, Arecibo and Aiboni-to. I had steered Sanders right on the betting after I had gotten accustomed to the fighting techniques of the Spanish slashers, and both of us had returned to Miami with our wallets full of winnings. Bill Sanders was not a professional cockfighter like myself, he was a professional gambler. He lost his share of the money we won in Puerto Rico at the Miami horse and dog tracks. A little bald guy with a passion for high living, he lived very well when he had money and even better when he had none. He was that kind of a man, and a good friend.

I took Sandspur out of his coop and pointed out the "cracked" beak. Bill whistled softly and his blue eyes widened. "If that bill breaks off, you've had it, Frank." He shrugged. "But that mutilated boko should get the 4-to-1 odds." Sanders hit me lightly on the shoulder with his fist and returned to the pit.

I held Sandspur with my left hand, filled my mouth with smoke and blew the smoke at his head. He clucked angrily, shaking his head. Blowing tobacco smoke at a cock irritates him to a fighting pitch. I enveloped the cock's head with one more cloud of smoke and returned him to his coop. Too much smoke could make him dizzy.

I opened my gaff case and removed two sets of heels. I put a pair of short spurs in my left shirt pocket and a pair of long jaggers in my right pocket. After shutting my gaff case I picked up the coop and case and entered the pit.

This is an excerpt from Cockfighter, *a novel to be released next month by Crown Publishers.*

There were only about 60 spectators inside, but this was a fairly good crowd for September. The Florida cockfighting season did not start officially until Thanksgiving Day, with the annual derby held down in Lake Worth. And Belle Glade isn't the most accessible town in Florida. The canvas walls successfully prevented any breeze from getting into the pit, and it was as hot inside as a barbecue grille.

I recognized a couple of Dade County fanciers and nodded to them. There was a scattering of Belle Glade townspeople, two gamblers from Miami who probably owned the blonde and the convertible, Burke and his two handlers and two pregnant women I had seen around the trailer camp. The remainder of the crowd was made up of migrant workers from the other side of town.

The cockpit was made of rough boards, 16 inches high and about 18 feet in diameter. The pit was surrounded on three sides by bleachers four tiers high. Under an open beach umbrella on the fourth side of the pit, Mr. Middleton sat at a card table with Captain Mack. Behind the table was a blackboard. I noted that Jack Burke had won both of the short-entry derbies, the first 4-1 and the second 3-2. That accounted for the glum expressions on the faces of the two Dade County breeders. Not only had they made a poor showing, their $100 entry fees, less Captain Mack's 10%, had wound up in Burke's pocket as prize money.

Two men in the bleachers whom I did not know called out my name and wished me good luck. I waved to them and joined Ed Middleton and Captain Mack. I removed Sandspur from the coop and handed the slip of paper to Mr. Middleton. Jack Burke and his handler, Ralph Hansen, came over. The handler was carrying Little David. Mr. Middleton produced a coin.

"Name it, gentlemen," he said.

"Let Mr. Mansfield call it," Burke said indifferently.

I tapped my forehead to indicate "heads." Mr. Middleton tossed the half-dollar into the air and let it land with a thump on the card table. Heads. I reached into my left shirt pocket, pulled out the short gaffs and held them in my open palm. They were hand-forged steel gaffs, an inch and a quarter in length. Burke nodded grimly and turned to his handler.

"All right, Ralph," he said bitterly. "Short spurs, but set 'em low."

Burke was a long-gaff man, but I preferred the short heels. Sandspur was a cutter and fought best with short gaffs. Little David was used to long three-inch heels. Winning the toss had given Sandspur a slight advantage.

The cockfight between Sandspur and Little David was an extra hack, and I had not been required to post an entry fee. However, Mr. Middleton examined both cocks with minute attention. He was acting as judge and referee and had received at least a minimum fee of $150 plus expenses from Captain Mack. The judge of a cockfight has to be good, and Ed Middleton was one of the best referees in the South. His word in the pit was law. There is no appeal from a cockfight judge's decision. As sole judge-referee, Ed Middleton's jurisdiction encompassed spectator betting as well. The referee's job has always been the most important at a cockfight. As every cocker knows, Honest Abe Lincoln was once a cockpit referee during his lawyer days in Illinois. Hard

continued

THE RONSON 1000XL

THIS IS A PART OF IT

The gleaming black cover protects the cutting system and incorporates a handy flip up unbreakable mirror. The storage compartment holds the coil cord and cleaning brush.

THIS IS THE HEART OF IT

The finest, most advanced shaving instrument yet devised. Featuring

36 stainless steel blades precision honed

Micro-thin stainless steel shaving screen . for Closer, Faster, Smoother shaves.

Ranson "Super-Trim" with exclusive new slide control engagement

Quiet, powerful motor lifetime lubricated. 110 V (AC only) 60 cycle.

Rugged, unbreakable body smartly textured

Automatic power cleaning shakes whiskers loose in seconds

THIS IS THE LOOK OF IT

...AND THIS IS ALL OF IT

The Ronson 1000 XL comes handsomely gift-packaged with two valuable extras·

Replacement Cutter Kit. Contains micro thin shaving screen and 36 blade cutter—both stainless steel. Keeps your Ronson shaver "factory new" and with you. Snaps in at home in seconds. Kit replaces *both* cutting surfaces (screen and cutter) not just half a cutting system like some shavers.

Handy Wall Bracket. Easy to

Ask for a demonstration of the new Ronson 1000 XL at your dealer's today.

RONSON

and fair in his decisions, and as impersonal as doom, Ed Middleton was fully aware of the traditional responsibilities of his post.

After completing his examination of the cocks to see that they were not soaped, peppered or greased and that they were trimmed fairly, Mr. Middleton stepped back to the table.

"Southern Conference rules, gentlemen?" he asked.

"What else?" Burke said.

I nodded my head in agreement.

"Forty-minute time limit or kill?"

I closed my list, jerked my thumb toward the ground.

"What else?" Burke said.

Captain Mack held Sandspur while Jack Burke examined him, and I took a close look at Little David. Burke's chicken was a purebred O'Neil Red and as arrogant as a sergeant major in the Foreign Legion. Although I had never seen Little David fight, I had followed his previous pittings in *The Southern Cockfighter*, and I knew that he liked aerial fighting. But Sandspur fought high in the air, too, and he was used to short gaffs. The three additional wins Little David had over Sandspur didn't worry me when I had such an advantage.

Burke tapped me on the shoulder and grinned, "If I'd known your chicken had him a cracked hill, I'd have given you better odds."

I shrugged indifferently and sat down on the edge of the pit to arm my cock. I opened my gaff case, removed a bottle of typewriter cleaning solvent and cleaned Sandspur's spur stumps. Most cockers use plain alcohol to clean spurs, but typewriter solvent is fast-drying and, in my opinion, removes the dirt easier. After fitting tight chamois-skin coverings over both spurs, I slipped the metal sockets of the short heels over the covered stumps and tied them with waxed string, setting them low and a trifle to the outside. The points of the tapered heels were as sharp as needles, a man has to be careful when he arms a cock. I had a puncture scar on my right forearm caused by a moment of carelessness seven years before, and I didn't want another one.

The betting had already started, but the crowd fell quiet when Mr. Middleton stepped into the pit.

"This is an extra hack, gentlemen," he said loudly. "Little David vs. Sandspur. Southern Conference rules will prevail. No time limit and short gaffs. Little David is owned by Mr. Jack Burke of Burke Farms, Kissimmee, Fla. He's an Aee cock with eight wins and will be two years old in November. Little David will be handled by Mr. Ralph Hansen of Burke Farms." The crowd gave Little David a nice hand, and Mr. Middleton continued.

"Sandspur is owned by Mr. Frank Mansfield of Mansfield Farms, Ocala, Fla., and he will handle his own chicken. Sandspur is a five-time winner and a year and a half old. Both cocks will fight at four pounds even."

Sandspur got a better hand than Little David, and the applause was sustained by the two Dade County breeders who wanted him to beat Burke's cock. Mr. Middleton examined Sandspur's heels and patted me on the shoulder. Many cockers resent the referee's examination of a cock's heels, but I never have. A conscientious referee can help you by making this final check. Once the fight has started and your cock loses a metal spur, it cannot be replaced.

As Mr. Middleton crossed the pit to examine Little David, I watched the flying fingers of the bettors. Most of the betting at cockfights is done by fingers—one finger for $1, five for $5, and then on up in multiples of five—and I was an expert following this type of betting. I had learned finger betting when I was in the Army in the Philippines and didn't understand Tagalog. I also had used the system in Puerto Rico, where I didn't understand Spanish very well. Little David was the favorite, and the odds on Sandspur were 2 to 1 and, in some cases, 3 to 1. But not 4 to 1.

Bill Sanders, Jack Burke and the two Miami gamblers were in a huddle next to the canvas wall. Both gamblers were staring across the pit at my bird while Sanders and Burke talked at the same time. Sanders had a roll of money in his hand and was talking fast, although I couldn't hear his voice from where I was sitting beside the pit.

A fistfight broke out on the top tier of seats between two fruit tramps, and one of them was knocked off backward and fell heavily to the ground. Before he could climb back into the stands the state trooper had an armlock on him and made him sit on the other side of the pit. When I looked back to Bill Sanders, he was smiling and holding up three fingers.

Bill had got 3 to 1. That was good enough. When Sandspur won, I'd be $2,250 ahead from the Miami gamblers, plus $1,000 more from Jack Burke. That $3,250 would be more than enough to see me through the Southern Conference season, and enough to purchase six badly needed fighting cocks besides.

"Get ready!" Mr. Middleton yelled. I stood up, stepped over the edge of the pit and put my toes on the back score. The back score lines placed us eight feet away from each other. Ralph Hansen, holding Little David under the chest with one hand, called impatiently to the referee.

"How about letting us bill them, Mr. Middleton?"

Ed Middleton didn't need the impatient comment. "Bill your cocks," he growled.

We cradled our fighters over our left arms, holding their feet, and stood sideways on our center scores, two feet apart, so the cocks could peck at each other. These cocks had never seen each other before, but they were mortal enemies. Ed allowed us about 30 seconds for the teasing and then told us to get ready. Ralph backed to his score and I returned to mine. I squatted on my heels and set the straining Sandspur with his feet on the score.

I watched Mr. Middleton's lips. This was a trick I had practiced for hours on end, and I was good at it. Before a man can say the letter "p" he must first compress his lips. There isn't any other way he can say it. The signal to release the cocks is when the referee shouts "Pit!" or "Pit your cocks!" The handler who releases the tail of his cock first on the utterance of the letter "p" has a split-second advantage over his rival. Especially in the South, where "pit" is often a two-syllable word, "pee-it." My timing was perfect.

"Pit!" Mr. Middleton announced, and before the word was out of his mouth Sandspur was halfway to Little David. The cocks met in midair, both of them shuffling with blurred yellow feet, and then they dropped to the ground. Neither cock had managed to get above the other.

With growing respect, the two birds circled, heads low, watching each other warily. Little David feinted cleverly with

continued

There's nothing like the great indoors.

A fully equipped Volkswagen Campmobile lets you feel at home in the great outdoors because it lets you bring along all the comforts of home.

Curtains, reading lamps, paneled walls, closets, storage bins—just about everything there is.

Even the kitchen sink.

And the kitchen table, an icebox and over four gallons of cool drinking water.

They're all right there when you're ready to eat.

When you're ready to sleep, there's a full-size double bed for [illegible] another bed and hammock for the kids.

And lots of elbowroom.

But if you want even more room, pop up the fiber glass top. Presto! A child's bedroom with lots of natural air conditioning.

For even more room, attach the tent to the side door and you've got a comfortable living room complete with floor.

There's even something comforting about this year's 32 more powerful engine.

You can go 10 mph faster, so you'll spend less time driving and more time camping.

At home in the great outdoors.

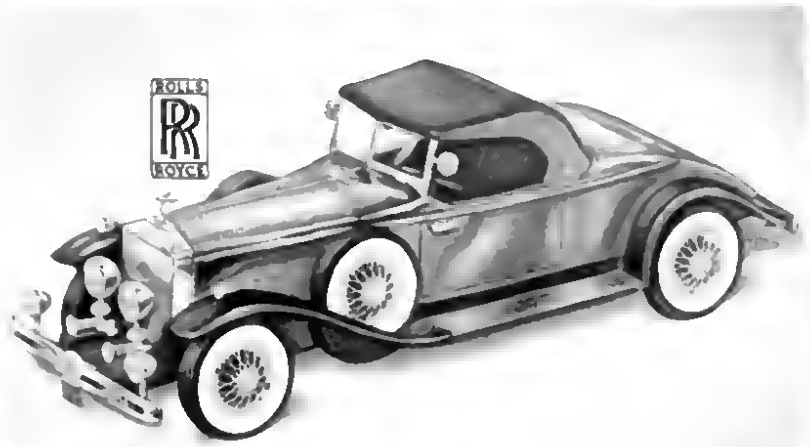
Red Wing G.O. Boots are as great as the great outdoors itself...

So get yourself a pair and let your feet enjoy your day off

See your dealer or write.

RED WING SHOES

RED WING SHOE COMPANY · Dept. [illegible] Red Wing, Minnesota 55066



Now you can own a

ROLLS ROYCE

with built-in radio

[illegible] a cut-for-fun [illegible] Rolls Royce Phantom [illegible] Every detail reproduced perfectly with [illegible] All metal body 9" x 3½". Battery-operated [illegible] has own battery [illegible] Full range [illegible] delighted. Please add $1.00 for postage and [illegible]

$19.95

[illegible] Enclosed [illegible] $_____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

a short rush, but Sandspur wasn't fooled. He held his ground, and Burke's cock retreated with his wings fluttering at the tips.

As he dropped back, Sandspur rose with a short flight and savagely hooked the gaff of his right leg into Little David's wing. The point of the heel was banged solidly into the bone, and Sandspur couldn't get it dislodged. He pecked savagely at Little David's head, and hit the top of the downed cock's dubbed head hard with his bill open—too hard.

The upper section of Sandspur's bill broke off cleanly at the doctored crack I had made. A bubble of blood formed, and Sandspur stopped pecking. Both cocks struggled to break away from each other, but the right spur was still stuck, and all Sandspur could do was hop up and down in place on his free leg. I looked at Mr. Middleton.

"Handle!" the judge shouted. "Thirty seconds!"

A moment later I disentangled the gaff from Little David's wing and retreated to my starting line. I put Sandspur's head in my mouth and sucked the blood from his broken beak. I licked the feathers of his head back into place and spat as much saliva as I could into his open mouth. For the remaining seconds I had left I sucked life into his clipped comb. The comb was much too pale.

"Get ready!" I held Sandspur by the tail on the line. "Put your cocks!"

Instead of flying into the air, Sandspur circled for the right wall. Little David turned in midair, landed running, and chased my cock into the far corner. Sandspur turned to fight, and the cocks met head on, but my injured bird was forced back by the fierceness of Little David's rush.

On his back, Sandspur hit his opponent twice in the chest, drawing blood both times, and then Little David was above him in the air and cutting at his head with both spurs. A sharp gaff entered Sandspur's right eye, and he died as the needlepoint pierced his central nervous system. Little David strutted back and forth, pecked twice at my lifeless cock, and then crowed his victory.

"The winner is Mr. Burke's Ace," Mr. Middleton announced, as a formality. "Twenty-eight seconds in the second pitting."

All I had left was the $10 in my watch pocket and one dead chicken. **END**

The Winners.

Willie Mays.

The Giant of them all.

Now in his 21st year with the team, he's on his way to breaking Babe Ruth's home-run record of 714.

Outfielder.

Highest slugging average in NL history: .375.

Has played in 17 consecutive All-Star games.

Twice named NL's M.V.P.

House of Yorke.

Befitting a winner, another winner House of Yorke's knit dress shirt in a self-disciplined blend of Celanese Arnel triacetate and Celanese Nylon.

Arnel helps maintain the great fashion look. Keeps everything easy care. Fresh.

Geometric print shirt designed by Nicolo Mancini for House of Yorke.

Single-needle tailoring.

Lined, elongated collar, removable stays.

Lined breast pocket.

Two-button notched cuffs.

About $15.00.

CELANESE ARNEL
The fiber bred to be a winner

Arnel® Celanese®

Hear how smart businessmen solve tough problems.

They tell you in their own words on The Executive Voice from Fortune. Try it free.

The Executive Voice is a monthly series of dialogues with some of the most brilliant executives and consultants in business.

They answer the questions that concern you most. What does it take to turn a failing company around? How should an executive handle his own money? What's it like to run your own business? How can you profit from the latest innovations in marketing? Where can you raise large amounts of money outside regular channels?

Instead of poring over the printed words of these experts, you listen to their voices on easy-to-use cassettes. You get the frankness, the shades of meaning you can only get in private conversation.

You can listen at home, in your office, in your car, anywhere. All you need is a simple, inexpensive tape cassette player. If you don't have one, you can order a Bell & Howell portable through us at substantial savings.

Listening to *The Executive Voice* is like attending a top-level management seminar every month—at a fraction of the cost. It's a way to broaden your business education without having to sit around a classroom. At many companies, *The Executive Voice* is considered so valuable it's routed to as many as 20 different executives.

Your first tape free

To prove *The Executive Voice* to you, we will send you a free cassette called Special Edition. It offers 60 minutes of fascinating selections from past *Executive Voice* issues. It's yours to keep whether or not you decide to subscribe. You'll hear:

- Jack Vollbrecht, president of Aerojet General, describing the improvement in management control and efficiency that took place when he threw out the company's computers.
- Dr. Art Kiev, psychiatrist, briefing you on how to cope with the stresses of your job and how to deal with unhealthy stress response.
- Arjay Miller and three other top executives explaining how management can improve productivity.
- Four successful small businessmen reporting on their methods of dealing with financial, operational and personnel problems.
- Robert Sibson, executive compensation consultant, analyzing the sometimes uncanny effects of executive incentive pay plans on corporate planning and corporate success.
- Corporate and consumer lawyers advising you on how to protect yourself against the rising tide of product liability lawsuits.
- The country's biggest life insurance salesman revealing his techniques of planning and persuasion.
- Four young labor leaders preparing you for the surprising demands you can expect to face from the new generation of union members.
- It's all on your free Special Edition

[illegible] for Special Edition [illegible] *The Executive Voice* [illegible] for only [illegible] each month [illegible] plus shipping and handling. [illegible] keep.

With [illegible] like to order the Bell & Howell Cassette Recorder/Player for $57.00 plus shipping and handling. Not available to customers outside the U.S. [illegible] return the recorder/player for credit. But then I'll [illegible] cassette player with it. $7.95 plus shipping and handling. [illegible]

The Executive Voice 2245
Time & Life Building Room 1527, New York, New York 10020

Learn from their experience

The people we interview are corporate executives, entrepreneurs, government officials, consultants, economists, social scientists. Often they've faced the same problems you're facing. Their ideas, their accumulated experience can help make you a better businessman.

Besides the names already mentioned, *The Executive Voice* has featured people like SEC head William J. Casey, consumer research expert Albert Sindlinger, Herman Kahn, economist Charles Schultze, Robert Townsend, William Lear, Roy Ash, Chet Janeway.

The cost of a six-month trial subscription is $40. You'll receive the Special Edition cassette as a bonus at no additional cost. It's yours to keep even if you decide to cancel within a 10 day free examination period.

A cassette player if you need one

If you don't already own a cassette tape recorder, *The Executive Voice* offers a rugged Bell & Howell portable for only $39.95 plus shipping and handling. The manufacturer's suggested retail price is $57.00.

Accessories include a handsome carrying case, remote control microphone, patch cord, five "C" cell extra power batteries, earphone, AC adapter and blank 30-minute cassette. When you're not listening to *The Executive Voice*, you can use your Bell & Howell Cassette recorder to dictate, make notes, record meetings. To order, simply mail the coupon—we'll bill you later.

CM4

All good golfers do!

Check your divot. It can tell a lot about your shot. Too little divot and you've hit it "thin"...too much and the shot's "fat." MacGregor's exclusive SPLIT/LEVEL irons are designed to minimize these probems. The thin front level knives through grass and root area to minimize turf drag. This produces a longer, more accurate shot. The back level controls divot depth. This creates necessary back spin for perfect ball control. Play MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL irons and enjoy greater confidence with every shot. **Winners play MacGregor.** Sold exclusively through professional golf shops.

MacGregor®
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

BRUNSWICK CORPORATION • DEPARTMENT PS05
1-75 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215

The Game Hog of Dallowgill

In a lifetime of warfare against the winged kingdom, Lord Ripon downed more than 500,000 birds

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

At the top of the hill a pair of liveried Yorkshire gamekeepers whacked hard with their sticks at the tight thornbushes of the hedgerow. Fifty yards away, in a hollow, stood the owner of the land, with his shooting companion, the local vicar. As the keepers moved forward, there was a flap of bright wings, a shot, and the quarry spun to the ground. Then another type of prey emerged, flying low and fast toward the waiting guns. Again a clean kill. So, at the end of the drive, one butterfly and one bumblebee were solemnly added to the day's bag.

It was a typical day for Frederick Oliver Robinson, Second Marquess of Ripon and the deadliest—not to mention most bloodthirsty—game shot the world has ever known. Shooting insects in the closed season for other game, using cartridges loaded with dust shot, was only one of the ways in which Lord Ripon made his mark upon the shooting world. Today, almost half a century after his death, Lord Ripon is remembered as a paragon of greed, jealousy, despotism or just sheer bad manners on the shooting field. As an example, there was the day when the vicar shot more humblebees than he did. In furious silence Ripon jumped into the dogcart and drove off, leaving the aged cleric several miles to walk home.

He was, in any case, a magnificent marksman. Unfortunately, he knew it and never hesitated to tell the world. A good shot might be pleased with a 40% kill rate. Ripon kept an accurate count and claimed 70%. Every year he had his scorecard printed and brought up to date, showing how many thousand head of grouse, pheasant, partridge and other game he had slaughtered in the previous year and in the whole of his life. Then he mailed them around to friends or whatever. "Bloody butcher!" Lord Ashburton is reported to have growled on receiving one of the cards—and then, the story goes, he sat by an oil lamp to pore over his own game books to see if he could match or better Ripon's performance in any respect. But there was little hope. In the 71 years Ripon lived he killed 556,813 head of game, from snipe to rhinoceros, including over a quarter of a million pheasant. Even assuming he'd shot for six days a week during every season from the time he was 15, it would have meant killing an average of 67 creatures every day. Most days he did much better than average.

The marquess, who was born in 1852, was a dapper, cocky little man with a pointed gray beard and a taste for expensive cigars, natty white spats and expensive Savile Row knickerbockers. He inherited the title from his father, for a short time Viceroy of India, who died in 1909. With the title came 22,000 acres of a rich estate in Yorkshire, complete with the ruins of the great Fountains Abbey. And all that game.

Ripon treated killing as a profession. It was customary for expert shots to use two double-barrel guns, with a bearer along to load the spare. Ripon used three weapons—matched, hammer, Damascus-barreled Purdeys—which required a loading staff of two. Weeks before the start of the grouse season, he would summon his loaders to his great Georgian house, Studley Royal, and lead a strenuous practice session in his bedroom. The complicated drill of loading, passing the gun, firing and reloading was gone through time and again, until the men's muscles ached. After that, there was outdoor practice with the guns loaded—firing hundreds of shots into the empty air, or at any luckless sparrows or starlings that happened to be passing nearby. Thus, when the season opened, no part of a second was lost from the business of slaughter. Ripon was timed by a stopwatch as he shot 28 pheasant in 60 seconds. He also brought down 575 grouse in one day, killed 52 partridge with 50 shots and nailed 115 pheasant in 10 minutes. All these were driven toward or over him at high speeds. At one brief pheasant drive with some fellow hunters the total bag was 47 birds. Ripon claimed 46 of the bag, leaving a single bird for the other sportsmen.

He always thought 1893 was a rather splendid season. That was the year he was invited to Hungary to help shoot the colossal estates of Baron Hirsch. In five weeks' enjoyable work he accounted for over 7,000 partridge, 240 of which he downed in one drive. By the end of that shooting season he could count a highly satisfying 2,611 grouse, 8,732 partridge, 5,760 pheasant, 66 woodcocks, seven snipes, 42 ducks, 837 hares, 914 rabbits and 166 "various"—19,135 head in all, or about 130 for each available day.

The calculated way he stalked and gunned down his prey is best illustrated by the famous instance when he saw a covey of five grouse streaking toward his blind. He killed the leading bird at a range of about 70 yards with his first shot, then changed guns in time to kill two more before the covey reached him. He changed again, and after a quick little jump (half a second quicker than shuffling round) he faced backward and killed the two surviving grouse before they were out of range. The whole affair was over in five or six seconds. Grouse blinds are normally sited about 50 yards apart. Ripon, because he was accurate enough to use guns with full charges in both 30-inch barrels, had the blinds on his grouse moor set at 80 yards. The fact that this put his guests out of range for much of the shooting disturbed him not at all.

His consumption of ammunition was prodigious. Today if you go into Hodgson's, the gunsmiths in the small town of Ripon in Yorkshire, you can see the ledgers containing his old bills for bullets, powder and shot. A season's work needed the purchase of some 30,000 or 40,000 cases. There also had to be around 200 pounds of powder and a ton of shot.

Stories about Ripon abound in these parts. Sons of old gamekeepers relate how his lordship, if he saw beaters getting out of line, was not above putting a few pellets into their legs. Or how during the long lean months between the season's end in early February and the beginning in August he ensured that no day need be spent unprofitably. Not only were there insects galore to challenge him, but if he went trout fishing he took a gun and a few cartridges—say

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SNOOPY PINS only $3.00 each

plus sh-pun

Here's Snoopy—on the slopes dropping back to pass, lifting a slap shot into the nets, cheering on his favorite team—12 captivating pins that feature the World's Greatest Sportsdog in action. Always a pleasing performer, Snoopy is in top form as the star of this delightful collection of handcrafted cloisonné pins. Each is finished in several colorful enamels and 14-kt. gold trim, and stands 1" tall. Also available in ⅝" tie-tacks.

To order yours, simply complete the coupon below and send it with a check or money order to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Box 46
Trenton, New Jersey 08607

Please send me the indefatigable dog in action I have indicated the number of pins and/or tie-tacks I want, and am enclosing ☐ check ☐ money order for $_____ ($3.25 for each postpaid)

name

address

city state zip

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery

Snoopy © United Feature Syndicate, Inc. 1971

	pin	tie-tack		pin	tie-tack
hockey			jogger		
skier			skater		
surfer			football		
baseball			diver		
tennis			bowler		
golfer			ten		

SI0522

200 or 300—so that if the fish stopped rising he could attack the swallows swooping over the water. He would send a keeper to shoo the pigeons out of the dovecote, in a couple of days' hard work, with the three Purdeys getting so hot that his loaders wrapped their tweed caps around the barrels, he would kill 400 or 500 of the tricky, jerking birds. One spring he was seen lying flat on his back on the lawn beside his house, shooting nesting house martins as they swooped in and out of the eaves.

His gamekeepers had standing orders on the grouse moor that whenever Ripon had guests in for a shoot, their employer was always to have the best blind, an eight-foot circle of stone slabs known as Caley's Fort. The birds were to be driven to *him* and never mind the welfare of the guests. He permitted one deviation from this arrangement. In 1913 King George V, an excellent shot, indicated that he'd like a day at Dallowgill, and Ripon allowed Charlie Julian, the head keeper, to put him in Caley's Fort. But he had Julian make another blind in a hollow just behind His Majesty for himself. It is against all the safety rules to have a crooked line of grouse butts, but Julian did as ordered. And on the opening day of the season the packs of birds streamed over the King, suffering some damage, only to find his lordship waiting in the heather to attack the survivors. Ripon's personal bag for the day was far better than that of the royal guest.

One of his favorite customs at the start of the pheasant season was to walk round some of the estate boundaries, shooting any bird that might later stray onto his neighbor's land. On such sorties he usually was accompanied by a young keeper, each man carrying a game bag, the understanding being that each would carry what the other shot. This normally meant a heavy load for the keeper, but one keeper who had been tactlessly accurate got his lordship a little hot with his shooting—not to mention the bulging game sack he was forcing him to carry. Finally, after the gamekeeper plugged yet another pheasant, Ripon whirled and fired a quick barrel into a grazing sheep.

"All right, you bugger," he shouted at the keeper. "Now carry that!"

For all his bad manners and wretched sportsmanship, Ripon was invited to the best shoots in the country. Well his

continued

Mai Tai Golf Holiday

7 days / 6 nights
$255.00 per person
IT MTGH 6

Thirty six magnificent holes of championship golf on Hawaii's favorite island just 40 minutes from Honolulu. Elegantly informal with unlimited recreation activities and nighttime entertainment.

Mai Tai means "the finest" and this low holiday price includes deluxe room, all breakfasts and dinners, unlimited golf on both courses with electric cart, club storage, transfer to/from Honolulu Airport, all taxes. For more or less nights add or deduct $40.00 per person.

Write for colorful brochures and Mai Tai Golf Holiday Program. Royal W. Treadway, Vice Pres.

MAKAHA INN
AND COUNTRY CLUB

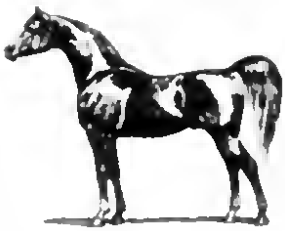
Waianae, Oahu, Hawaii 96792 • Phone (808) 695-9511
In Los Angeles (213) 487-0746

Slazenger
SST
SLAZENGER SYSTEM OF TENNIS for winning ways

the ball Selected for Wimbledon every year since 1902
APPROVED BY U S L T A
WHITE • YELLOW
HOT RED
write for free catalog
SLAZENGERS INC.
CHALLENGE HOUSE • FEASTERVILLE PA 19047

VOTE VANDERBILT

Freedom from the Drab ... smart sport ... knit ... dress shirts. They're all new ... as now ... so climb on the well dressed bandwagon this summer ... at the office or in the open
of sound sport

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
1901 e north ave • milwaukee • wis

THE VERSATILE ARABIAN
Beautiful, gentle, intelligent, and loyal. Ideal for fancy riding, jumping, reining, driving, cutting and just plain having fun on horseback. Costs less to own than you might imagine. For free information, please write to Dept. SI-1
INTERNATIONAL ARABIAN HORSE ASSOCIATION
224 East Olive Ave., Burbank California 91503
ALL THE ACTION ALL SEASON LONG IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

performance *was* beautiful to watch, and there was the chance of getting a return invitation to Dallowgill, the best grouse moor in Britain. Such invitations were coveted. Seldom did the season's bag fall below 2,000 brace, individual days of 500 brace were not uncommon. At lunchtime James Burge, the butler, would arrive on the moor with a simple repast of soup and stew, dessert, cheese, whiskey, beer and wine. With the elaborate evening dinners to follow, it kept the 15 indoor domestics fairly busy, for as soon as the best weeks of the grouse were over, the pheasant were ready to be shot, and there had to be lavish house parties for that.

Every spring the keepers toiled hard in the woods, raising pheasant chicks by the thousand to fill the woods in autumn. Any self-respecting landowner liked to have at least one day on which the bag ran into four figures, if the birds could be made to fly high and fast, so much the better. Studley Royal was ideally suited for such sport, and no more exquisite setting could be imagined than at the famous stand called Abbey Rise. Here in a deep gill lie the ruins of Fountains Abbey, close beside the tiny River Skell. Towering 200 feet up the steep banks on each side are ancient woods of oak and beech. Scores of beaters drove the pheasant forward in hordes to make them take wing across the valley. Most marksmen, discouraged by the altitude, let the birds pass. But Ripon, with his fully choked barrels, brought bird after bird tumbling onto the close-cropped grass. Nonshooting houseguests would stroll out to watch the performance. Sometimes, with luck, they could see their host, with three dead birds still in the air, upping his gun to kill a fourth.

One of his few rivals as a marksman was Prince Freddie Duleep Singh, son of a maharaja. He and Ripon met several times a year, in some deep valley underneath screaming, high pheasant or behind a hedge in Norfolk while driven partridge whistled overhead like bullets. For many years the two men would not speak to each other, the result of a feud that started at Lord Carnarvon's shoot at Highclere, in Hampshire. Ripon was placed at the foot of a steep hill while Duleep Singh had the star position at the top. Early in the drive the Prince shot a high bird crossing his front, which fell dead and nearly struck Ripon. Ripon stormed up the hill, yelling various imprecations, including "bloody nigger." Duleep Singh thenceforth downed only such birds as were flying toward his fellow guest and shot them so that the marquess, bombarded by several pheasant corpses a minute, was quite distracted from his own performance. It took all the fun out of the shooting at Highclere that year, but no matter. Ripon was there for three days' shooting in 1895, when he and the other five sportsmen shared the killing of 10,807 head, including 5,671 pheasant and 5,033 rabbits and 38 "various," including crows, jays, cats and vermin in general.

Beside his favorite blind, Caley's Fort, in the heart of windswept Dallowgill, there is a memorial to this remarkable man. It is dated Sept. 22, 1923. That day he went out shooting grouse with his old crony, the Reverend Morris, and his estate agent Oswald Wade. There were to be seven drives. Because the keepers were still told to concentrate all the birds on their employer's blind, Ripon shot over three-quarters of the bag. In the first five drives he shot 40, 17, 25, 17 and 25 grouse. In the sixth he did best of all, but when the retrievers returned with the quarry Ripon reckoned that two of his grouse were still to be found, not to mention a snipe. Fuming at the gamekeepers' incompetence, he sent his own two spaniels out into the heather, and each brought back one of the missing birds. "You'll have to get some better dogs," he snarled at Julian, furious that he might have been deprived of his kill. Then Lord Ripon fell to the ground. At 71, he was dead. The 53 grouse he shot in that drive were never officially added to his lifetime total. He would have been furious.

They brought him down from the moor on a wooden gate prised from its hinges at a nearby stone dyke, and it was on the horse-drawn game cart that his coffin was carried to the heather-covered family vault. He had no children, the title died with him, and a cousin inherited Studley and Dallowgill.

Today if you go to Studley, Charlie Julian's daughter Win may show you Lord Ripon's last hunting entry in the *Studley Royal Game Book*, the one for "22nd September 1923." It includes the information that the party of "Ld. Ripon, Mr. Morris; Mr. Wade" bagged 215 grouse and one snipe. It concluded with this succinct note under "various": "Lord Ripon died." END

Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.
OLD GOLD
FILTERS
Gift Stars
Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

Canadian Club announces the My-Favorite-Bartender Award.

Think of all the times your buddy behind the bar has helped you out. With a few kind words. A sympathetic ear. And lots of advice (most of it good).

Naturally, you want to repay him. That's why another good friend—Canadian Club—is introducing the My-Favorite-Bartender Award. It gives you the opportunity to salute your pal in a very special way. With an elegant parchment scroll—personalized with his name. It's an award that all his friends will notice. And that he will never forget.

All you have to do to win for your favorite bartender is send us his name and the few details called for in this entry blank. Then, a representative of Canadian Club will notify your bartender and arrange the award presentation.

Hiram Walker Incorporated
P.O. Box 1261, Rosemount, Minnesota 55068

I would like to see the My-Favorite-Bartender Award presented to one of the nicest guys I know

Name of Bartender_____

Name of Bar_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My name is_____

Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise prohibited by state or local law

When it comes to bartenders' favorites, of course, the choice is Canadian Club. New customers appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Old customers admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky anywhere.

Canadian Club—
"The Best In The House"®
in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD 4 FOR 20 IN BC | IMPORTED FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 8-15

BASKETBALL—ABA New York (*page 62*) tied the championship series 1-1 by beating Indiana 117–115 in Indianapolis as Rick Barry scored 29 points and Bill Melchionni 26. Then, before a playoff record crowd of 15,241 at the Nassau Coliseum, the Nets lost to the Pacers 114–108 on rookie George McGinnis' 30 points and 20 rebounds to give Indiana a 2-1 edge. Barry tossed in 44 points, but Melchionni was held to seven.

BOXING—JERRY QUARRY, the No. 2-ranked heavyweight contender, outpointed Larry Middleton of Baltimore in a 10-round bout in London.

Undefeated GEORGE FORMAN, the third-ranked heavyweight contender, raised his number of knockouts to 33 and his wins to 36 when he stopped Miguel Paez in Argentina in the second round of a scheduled 15-rounder in Oakland.

GOLF—Despite a final-round 73, JERRY HEARD won the $125,000 Colonial National Invitational in Fort Worth by two strokes over Fred Marti.

HOCKEY—BOSTON shut out New York 3-0 to gain the Stanley Cup for the second time in the last three years (*page 24*).

HORSE RACING—Bobby Woodhouse guided Rokeby Stable's KEY TO THE MINT ($4.60) to a strong 2½-length win over Ladiga in a 1⅛-mile, $12,000 prep for the Preakness at Pimlico. Upper Cave, scheduled to be an entry with Riva Ridge in the Preakness, finished last in the five-horse field.

SUSAN'S GIRL ($3.40), Victor Tejada up, won her seventh straight stakes (sixth this season) and the first leg of the NYRA triple crown for fillies when she took the $65,200 Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct by 2½ lengths over Wanda, setting a record of 1 34⅘ for the mile event.

ONANDAGA ($68.20) won the 1¼-mile, $50,000 Dixie Handicap on turf at Pimlico by three lengths over STAR ENVOY as the favorite, Run the Gantlet, the 1971 Grass Horse of the Year, finished fourth, 7½ lengths back.

LACROSSE—Trailing 10–7 early in the third period, No. 2-ranked MARYLAND, led by John Kaestner, who scored two goals and had four assists overall, upset top-ranked and previously undefeated Johns Hopkins 13–12 in the last game of the regular season. Hopkins Attackman Jack Thomas was held to only seven shots, but he made four goals and assisted on two others to lift his totals to 30 goals and 37 assists.

Midfielder Mike Griswold scored a goal with 2:14 left in the second overtime period to give fourth-ranked ARMY a 9–8 win over Navy, ranked No. 3, while fifth-ranked VIRGINIA scored six straight goals in the second half to defeat seventh-ranked Washington & Lee 10–9.

Defending NCAA champion CORNELL clinched the Ivy League title with a 14–7 win over Brown as Frank Davis scored four goals and Pat Gallagher had one goal and five assists. Earlier in the week the Big Red was edged 11–10 by HOBART when Don Aleksiewicz, the nation's small-college rushing leader in football, threw in the winning goal with 13 seconds to play. Attackman Rick Gilbert totaled eight goals and 14 assists in Hobart's three games last week to raise his point total to 100 (38 goals and 62 assists), tops in the nation.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY UNSER averaged a record 195.937 mph in his Eagle to gain the lead for the pole position at the rain-delayed Indianapolis 500 qualifying trials (*page 20*).

JEAN-PIERRE BELTOISE, averaging close to 64 mph in his BRM, led from start to finish to take the Monaco Grand Prix, his first Formula I win in four years on the circuit, and slipped into fifth place in the world driving championship standings, 10 points behind leader Emerson Fittipaldi, who finished third, and seven points behind Jacky Ickx, who came in second.

ROWING—NORTHEASTERN won the varsity heavyweight race at the Eastern Sprint championships on Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Mass., finishing more than a length ahead of Brown as favored and undefeated Harvard came in third (*page 66*).

The undefeated COAST GUARD ACADEMY heavyweight crew, which has been competing at the intercollegiate level only two seasons, won its seventh race when it took the Dad Vail Regatta on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia by two lengths over Rollins.

SOCCER—The U.S. national team defeated Jamaica 2–1 in St. Louis to qualify for the Olympics (*page 60*).

WEST GERMANY, which had beaten England 3–1 in London two weeks earlier, held the British to a scoreless tie in West Berlin's Olympic Stadium to gain the semifinals of the European Cup of Nations tournament. The Germans will play Belgium, a 2–1 winner over Italy, while the USSR, which defeated Yugoslavia 3–0, will meet the winner of a match between Rumania and Hungary in the other semifinal.

DERBY gained the English Soccer League first division championship with 58 points, while Manchester City, Leeds United and Liverpool all tied for second place, one point behind, in one of the closest finishes in league history. Leeds, which had won the English Cup three days earlier, could have taken the title for a rare double merely by tying its last game, but lost to Wolverhampton 2–1.

TENNIS—KEN ROSEWALL defeated Rod Laver 4–6, 6–0, 6–3, 6–7, 7–6 in the finals of the $100,000 World Championship Tennis tournament to gain the $50,000 first prize (*page 26*).

BOB HEWITT of South Africa, who had lost in the finals in 1967, 1969 and 1970, finally won the $39,000 British Hardcourt men's singles championship in Bournemouth, England when he beat France's Pierre Barthes 6–2, 6–4, 6–1. Hewitt had defeated top-seeded Ilie Nastase of Rumania in a semifinal match, while Barthes had upset Stan Smith of the U.S. in the other semifinal. Wimbledon champion EVONNE GOOLAGONG of Australia took the women's singles title with an easy 6–0, 6–4 win over Helga Masthoff of West Germany.

TRACK & FIELD—JULIUS SANG, a member of the North Carolina Central mile-relay team (*page 56*), won the 440-yard dash in 45.6 at the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. International Freedom Games in Philadelphia. In the mile, Jim Ryun finished next to last (4:14.1) in the 10-man field as DAVE WOTTLE won by a hair over Howell Michael (both were timed in 3:58.51 in a pouring rain). Olympic pole-vault champion BOB SEAGREN defeated world-record holder Kjell Isaksson with a 17' 6¼" leap, and MADELINE MANNING JACKSON equaled the world record in the women's 880 with a 2:02.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: To thoroughbred racing's Hall of Fame ROUND TABLE, 18 winner of 43 races in 66 starts and $1,749,869 (second to Kelso on the all-time money list), Jockey ERIC GUERIN, 48, winner of the 1947 Kentucky Derby on Jet Pilot and 124 other stakes races, and Trainer JOHNNY NERUD, 59, conditioner of such top thoroughbreds as Gallant Man, Dr. Fager and Ta Wee in his 40-year career.

NAMED: As coach of the World Hockey Association's New York Raiders, who are scheduled to start play in Madison Square Garden next season, CAMILLE HENRY, 39, a former New York Ranger star who played 14 seasons in the NHL and scored 279 goals.

RETURNED: WILLIE MAYS, 41, to New York City, where he started his baseball career 21 years ago (*page 10*). San Francisco Giant Owner Horace Stoneham traded Mays for cash, a minor league pitcher, Charlie Williams, and an agreement by the Mets to keep Mays under a personal services contract for three years after he retires. As a Giant, Mays had 3,187 hits, 646 home runs, 336 stolen bases and 1,859 RBIs.

CREDITS

24—Melchior DiGiacomo. 25—Dick Raphael. 42, 43—John D. Hanlon. 52—Herb Schatman. 56—John Iacono. 62—Wil Blanche. 67—John D. Hanlon. 85—John Vawter-Kansas City Star; Dolly Connelly; Ron Mascali; Frank Fisse-Indianapolis Star.

FACES IN THE CROWD

IAN McCALLUM, of Cape Town, South Africa, scored 20 of his club team's 28 points to lead Palmer College of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa to the national collegiate rugby championship with a 28–17 come-from-behind victory over the Naval Academy.

DIANE McMULLEN, a junior at Colorado State University, averaged more than 193 pins over nine games in winning the singles and all events at the Association of College Unions Intercollegiate Women's Bowling Championships in Kansas City, Mo.

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, a 225-pound senior at Port Townsend (Wash.) High, competing in the state high school indoor championships, put the shot 60' 5", nearly six feet farther than the previous state record. In dual meets he also has won the 100 and 220.

PHIL COX sang the national anthem before the largest basketball crowd in Indiana history, then led Connersville High to its first state title. A third-place finisher in the state high jump last spring, he has been named "Mr Basketball" as Indiana's top player.

ALDEN (Jinx) JOHNSON (*left*) and **JACKSON H. BOWLING**, both of Buffalo, upset defending champions William T. Ketcham Jr. and Howard A. Davis Jr. to win the U.S. National Men's Senior Squash Racquets Doubles 11–15, 15–9, 15–7, 17–16. Earlier in the year Johnson was runner-up in the U.S. National Senior Singles and also in the Canadian National Senior Singles, which he lost to Bowling. Johnson was captain of the University of Michigan tennis team in 1943 and 1944, while Bowling captained the basketball team at Hobart in 1937-38.

Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials world-wide.

More than all other American tire manufacturers put together.

© Uniroyal, Inc.

A superior type of tire, but more difficult to make.

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly. In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is Michelin. Nobody else comes close.

A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung, tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe. These 3 received the highest ratings:

Tests (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN zX Steel	PIRELLI CF 67 Fabric
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 81	49 70
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal road)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (4 speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 74	57 81	62 (89)
END RESULT	(164	162	159)
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

For other tires tested, their test result (1971) and ranking follows:

4th Continental steel (158)
5th Kleber V 10 fabric (147)
6th Conti TT 714, fabric (137)
6th Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137)
8th Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136)
9th Phoenix P fabric (132)
10th Bridgestone RD 11 fabric (131)
10th Metzeler Monza steel (131)
12th Metzeler Monza fabric (130)
13th Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128)

Uniroyal steel-belted radials are now available in the United States.

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. GP3, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.

UNIROYAL

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOMINANT LAKERS

Sirs:

In your Nov. 15 issue, Peter Carry wrote an article naming the Milwaukee Bucks "The Best Team—Ever." I am sure that Mr Carry must have some doubts about that now

Most people will agree that the Boston Celtics led by Bill Russell were the most consistent and dominating team ever assembled over the years However, the Los Angeles Lakers, not the Bucks or the Celtics, showed the basketball world that they were the greatest team ever put together for one season. The records fell before the Sharman Machine Quintet. Never before has any basketball team dominated the game the way the Lakers did this season. It makes our 12 years of waiting all worthwhile.

For the record, what was the Lakers' Dominance Index?

DENNIS M CHODOROW

Canoga Park, Calif.

● Despite a winning percentage of .841, the highest ever, the 1971-72 Lakers earned a Dominance Index (based on their average winning margin compared with the average margin of the second-best team of the season) of only 111%. The 1970-71 Bucks' DI rating was 235%, and the 1964-65 Celtics still dominate the list with 277%.—ED.

Sirs:

Besides being the main factor behind the success of the Lakers, the winningest team ever and holder of eight modern NBA records, Wilt Chamberlain also dominated Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in the last two playoff games of the series between Milwaukee and L.A. Wilt Chamberlain, not Jabbar, Bill Russell or Nate Thurmond, deserves the title of the greatest and most dominant player the game has ever known.

TOM SKUT

Eugene, Ore.

BRUTAL BRUINS

Sirs

After viewing the continued unsportsmanlike tactics of the Boston Bruins in the first three games of the Stanley Cup finals, I can only say that they are not a team of which hockey can be proud Indeed, the Bruins are a talented, overpowering team, but when championships are won through such blatant acts as attempting to deliberately injure opposing players, I believe a great deal has been lost. True, good guys don't always win, but at least in the world of sports we fans would like to be able to take pride in our champions.

Am I a Bruin hater? No, they used to be my favorite team Let me just say that I am disappointed and ashamed of their conceited and disrespectful attitude toward the Rangers and toward the rest of the NHL

ROGER SCHAEFFER

Minneapolis

Sirs:

The Bruins were sickening in their conduct on Thursday night (May 4); on Sunday (May 7) they were merely disgusting Bruce Hood should be commended for his stand on Sunday's mayhem, but John (See No Evil) Ashley should be farmed out for his attitude on Thursday night. I can see his point in wanting to get the game over, but a forfeit would have been more proper than his total disregard of the Bruins' tactics.

The simple answer to the problems of the officials is to let the linesmen call penalties, too. But it will take three or four years for the leaders of this "progressive" league to adopt the idea, if they do at all.

Professional hockey will continue to grow, but the actions of teams like Boston put a damper on the spirit of the sport. I think it is about time someone laid it on the line.

BILL TALLANT

La Porte, Ind.

BASEBALL REGAINED

Sirs.

I enjoyed the article *The Boys of Spring* by William Leggett in your May 1 issue. I am so glad the strike is over and we hear the crack of bats again. The National League West is one tough division, I agree. Being a faithful San Francisco Giant fan, it broke me up to see Willie McCovey sitting in the dugout with his right arm in a cast. There sat 100-plus RBIs and 44 or so home runs. But the Giants will be in the thick of it in September.

WAYNE TAPIO

Pine Ridge, S Dak.

Sirs:

Your article on the Dodgers' blazing start was very demoralizing to the Houston Astros, who are neck and neck for the Western Division lead. How can you pick the Dodgers to win the division when the Astros have an All-Star infield and an added home-run threat with the addition of Lee May? Jim Wynn is having a better year than Willie Davis and has already been named Player of the Week. Houston's pitching staff is equal to if not better than the Dodgers'. It had the second-lowest ERA in the NL last year and it will be even better this year with the arm of Dave Roberts.

MARK GRACEY

Houston

STRIKING IT RICH

Sirs:

For a longtime baseball fan whose winter months were brightened with anticipation of the usual season's opener, the major league players' strike was not only a disappointment, it also left me at considerable loose ends on weekends. Consequently, and for the first time in more than a decade, I began attending amateur games, particularly at nearby Stanford University. What a delicious, absolutely refreshing rediscovery of the spirit of a beautiful sport.

At an amateur game one can bask in the sun with friends, enjoy the sweet smell of freshly mowed grass, share the enthusiasm of real team spirit and, at the same time, appreciate good baseball, all for the sum of 50¢. Even more, the experience reemphasized for me the great talent necessary to play the game well The more frequent errors only highlight the difficulties of perfection

I am beginning to wonder if we, as professional sports fans, have not become anesthetized to the game Might the pros be literally too good? The most difficult plays are made to appear routine, almost rehearsed; the elements of chance in pro ball, and, therefore, suspense—such as the ball hitting a pebble in the base path—are all but eliminated by synthetic surfaces.

Thanks to the baseball strike, I rediscovered a game I knew as a youth, one millions of youths still know today The amateur errors, surprises, talent, genuine spirit, awkward but honest goodwill—that's basically what it is still all about, and always has been.

RICHARD C PEPPER

Palo Alto, Calif.

PITCHERS' RIGHT ARM

Sirs.

I am compelled to write in response to your long-overdue story about a superb athlete and one of sport's real gentlemen, Johnny Sain (*In a World of Windmills*, May 8). Sain is perhaps the most misunderstood man in organized baseball. I have been a lifelong fan of the Detroit Tigers, but I was very disgusted when I learned the Tiger organization had let Sain go It was his efforts, not Mayo Smith's, along with the efforts of some determined ballplayers, that made 1968 the Year of the Tiger

John Sain has never had much to say. He doesn't have to. His results speak loud enough

JOHN MIZIREK JR

Valparaiso, Ind.

Sirs:

I have always thought that Johnny Sain was the greatest pitching coach ever. The

continued

Mid-size Plymouth Satellite. The family car that doesn't look like one.

Despite Satellite's sporty looks, its size and features make it enough car for almost any family.

Satellite gives you plenty of room for six. And we've carved out enough trunk to hold a basket of laundry and a week's worth of groceries.

The standard 318 V-8 means you've got power when you need it for passing or freeway entrances, but it's also easy on your gas budget.

Yet Satellite gives you all this without turning a mid-size car into an over-size car. The wheelbase is only 115 inches. Which means Satellite's maneuverable in city traffic. And easy to park, too.

Another thing you'll appreciate is the way we built Satellite.

We started with a welded Unibody for strength and tightness. Then we protected this body inside and out with our 7-step dip-and-spray process.

We did a lot of things like this because we think that's the kind of car America wants. And we're committed to building just that.

Plymouth Satellite. Because we believe a family car should be functional— but not dull.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

second that Chicago got Sain, the White Sox started to rise

CASEY VERBERT

Roslyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

When the White Sox are through with Johnny Sain, or vice versa, I wish he would stop off here in Cincinnati and do his thing for our Redleg pitching staff. He can tell General Manager Bob Howsam that we fans sent for him.

ART MORAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

All I can say is what a man!

J. D. FERRY

Bronx, N.Y.

AUSSIE STAR

Sirs:

Your article on Ken Rosewall (*Just a Decent Bloke*, May 1) did justice to a fine gentleman. He is certainly one of the best players to pick up a racket. I congratulate Jerry Kirshenbaum on a job well done.

SCOTT KISSINGER

Greencastle, Ind.

Sirs:

It is impossible that Jerry Kirshenbaum, who writes that Rosewall's backhand has long since surpassed Budge's, can ever have seen J. Donald Budge deal that hand. Impossible.

LINTON BALDWIN

New York City

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Sirs:

It is a fine thing to find that Jackie Stewart is more than the best driver in the world. His racer's diary (April 24 and May 1) shows a well-rounded, sensitive and thoughtful man who is able to separate the real values from an overly commercialized and very dangerous profession. My thanks to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for printing this article. I believe it offers a telling argument, not just for auto racing, but for all sports threatened by the abuses of media, money and excessive mystique.

DAN BISKEY

Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

Having admired Peter Manso's book *Vrooom!!* and Jackie Stewart's driving and safety efforts, I was shocked at the innuendos directed at Jackie Ickx in their article. Stewart and Ickx respect each other's driving talents, yet differ on many of the safety proposals initiated by Stewart. This does not justify the vague comments concerning Ickx in the article.

Why should Ickx be bound by the majority decision in a sport where individualism is so important? In arguing against some of Stewart's proposals, Ickx brings out the often neglected issue of the sport's obligations to the paying public. He takes this consideration more seriously than does Stewart.

Stewart also states that there is a streak of immaturity in Ickx because he wants to race in the Grand Prix of his home country despite any rain, and because "there is no continuity" in his driving. To me, these are not the indicators of a man's maturity.

Because Ickx says that a driver must accept the possibility of crashing and dying, he is labeled a fatalist. In the sport of auto racing where danger undeniably exists, I would call this dealing with the realities of his life.

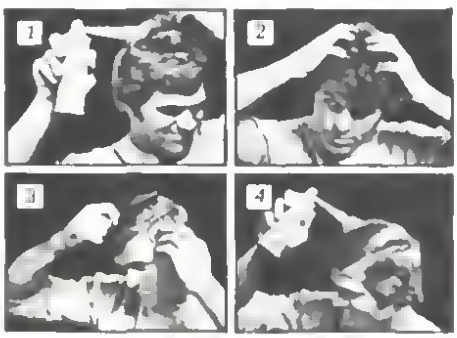
I have been with Ferrari at many races and had the pleasure of knowing Jacky Ickx. He is one of the finest people I have ever

continued

Introducing the Conditioning-Groom System for Men

Even after spraying twice for extra hold your hair still feels soft and natural

New Conditioning-Groom System



Want more hold from your hair spray... without stiffness? Try New Vaseline® Hair Spray & Conditioner. Simply follow this daily grooming system:

1. Spray New 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner all through your hair.
2. Massage hair and scalp briskly.
3. Style hair any way you want.
4. Now spray a second time for extra control.

Notice how your hair still feels natural ...looks soft...even after spraying twice for extra hold.

Why hair feels soft and natural:

First, 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner has a special conditioning agent —Viratol®.

Second, this formula is sprayed through a new actuator system for a more even, less sticky hold.

Spray System Test

On sensitive, electrocardiogram paper, you can see the difference. A leading hair spray delivers large droplets that can run and make hair still or sticky.

But New 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner delivers a superfine, concentrated mist to leave hair holding soft and natural ...instead of stiff or sticky.

Vaseline® and Viratol® are registered trademarks of Chesebrough Pond's Inc.

YOU CAN TRAVEL THOUSANDS OF MILES WITH CHARLES KURALT TO AN AMERICA VERY FEW PEOPLE KNOW

No matter how often you've vacotioned alang this notion's highwoys, you're missing o vitol port of America if you hoven't detaured onto its back roads.

And CBS News Carrespandent Charles Kuralt will take yau an the road and aff the beaten path ta prave it.

Even ta places os aut of the way as Bodie, Friend and Cushing.

In a series af 30 weekend broadcasts. On the CBS Rodio Network.

He'll journey with you fram o tiny Califarnio ghost town once the scene of six murders o week ta a venerable Dixieland jazz hall in New Orleons.

Fram an ancient Puebla cave dwelling in Calaroda ta a legendary pianeer trail in Wyoming where the names af thase wha ottempted the journey ore inscribed on canyon walls. And sometimes an tambstones.

From on old Massachusetts whaling port to a Greek sponge-fishing village in Florido thot seems to have floated over from the Aegeon Sea.

He'll olso take you fram the Superstitian Mauntains where dreamers still search far a lost mine ta a small city that's distinguished by the wark af leading architects.

Finally, we'll present an expanded segment devated ta thase places yau better hurry and see. Before progress sees ta it that they no longer exist.

And maybe after EXPLORING AMERICA WITH CHARLES KURALT, you'll decide this country is not anly a nice place ta live, but a foscinoting place ta spend yaur vacation.

THE WEEKEND OF MAY 20/21 ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

Where the listeners are

The bluest blue chip of them all.

Danny Sullivan never made the baseball team. But because he's had the right training, you'd be surprised at the number of jobs open to him.

The nicest part, of course, is that another handicapped person is getting the most out of his life.

However, there's something else good, too.

Vocational rehabilitation pays.

Every dollar spent to rehabilitate someone with a physical or mental handicap will increase his lifetime earnings by $35. (Thirty-five taxable dollars that he earns himself.)

Which is why vocational rehabilitation is good for everybody.

We call our program HURRAH. Actually, HURRAH stands for "Help Us Reach & Rehabilitate America's Handicapped."

If you want to know more about the job that vocational rehabilitation is doing, write for our free booklet.

Then if anyone ever asks you if rehabilitation is worth the cost, you'll know what we at HURRAH know:

From every angle, a human being is the bluest blue chip investment there is

HURRAH. The State-Federal Program of Rehabilitation Services.

Help Us Reach & Rehabilitate America's Handicapped **HURRAH**

HURRAH, Box 1200
Washington, D. C. 20013

Please send your free booklet, "Rehabilitation—A Blue Chip Investment."

Name _____

Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare

met. He does not work at achieving an image. He lives his life for his own satisfaction instead of publicity. He does not make the effort to be the center of attention, as Stewart calls himself. He has integrated his fantastic ability into his life rather than be dominated by racing. He has balanced his life. When someone tried to bait him into making an unfavorable comment about Stewart once, he said, "Stewart has chosen his life and I mine. They are not the same because we are not the same person." I hope your readers will have a different impression of Jacky Ickx than the Stewart and Manso article gives them.

WILLIAM R. RICHARDSON JR.
Baltimore

Sirs:

The articles by Jackie Stewart and Peter Manso show that Stewart is not only one of the most articulate racing drivers around, but that he is a truly compassionate human being as well. His initiative in dealing with the deaths of Piers Courage and Jochen Rindt at a time when no one else wanted to get involved was highly commendable.

In addition to his safety crusading and race promoting, Stewart also manages to be the best driver in the world. He epitomizes the true sporting professional.

MICHAEL BOURNE
St. Paul

WESTCHESTER'S OPEN

Sirs:

Shame on you! "But whoever heard of the Westchester County Open?" ("Genuflection," SCORECARD, May 1)

Obviously a lot of guys. Would you believe Willie Macfarlane, Bobby Cruickshank, Ben Hogan, Claude Harmon (six-time winner), George McLean, Mike Brady, Johnny Farrell, Paul Runyan, Tony Manero, Mike Turnesa, Herman Barron, Bob Watson, Doug Ford and Terry Wilcox have all held the Westchester Open title at one time or another since 1919?

Collectively these "unknowns" have won seven U.S. Opens, four Masters, five National PGAs, one British Open and, I'll wager, just about everything except the Women's Open. What's more, five are members of golf's Hall of Fame.

Suffice it to say the Westchester County Open is one of the nation's oldest district golf championships, staged in the golfingest county in the country—the cradle, the birthplace of golf in America.

GUIDO CRIBARI
Executive Sports Editor
Westchester Rockland
Newspapers, Inc.
White Plains, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR ASHAWAY Racket Strings

SPECIFY VANTAGE® PROFECTED® NYLON RACKET STRINGS
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Ashaway, Rhode Island 02804

CHANGE ADDRESS

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
541 North Fairbanks Court
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State **Zip Code**

Be sure to attach your address label when writing us about your subscription, billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $12.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year, all others $16.00 a year.

Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys, and keep your martinis dry!

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS W & A GILBEY, LTD. DISTR BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N.Y.C.

It's only natural.